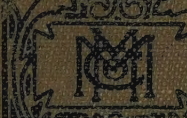
HALE'S THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY



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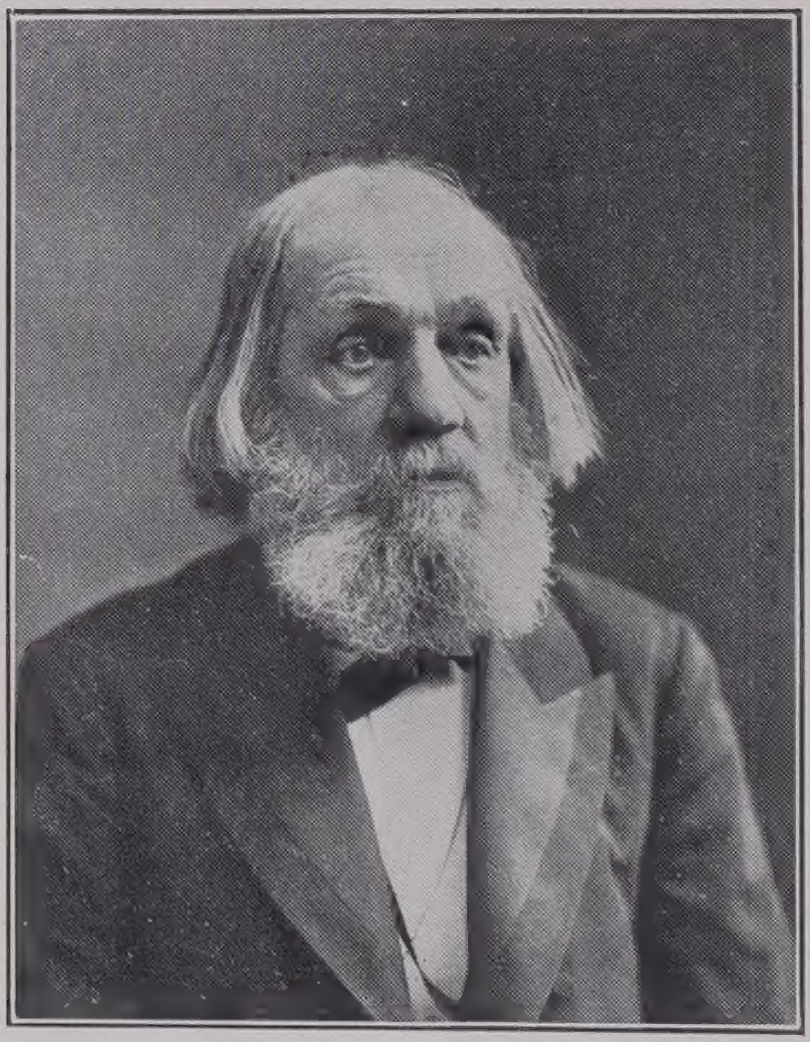

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

AND OTHER STORIES

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

SAMUEL MARION TUCKER, PH.D.

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INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston, April 3, 1822. He came of a distinguished family. One of his ancestors, John Hale, was a celebrated clergyman in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century. Nathan Hale, the Revolutionary hero, was his father's uncle. His father, also a Nathan Hale, was one of the leading citizens of New England, the editor of the first daily paper published in Boston, the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and one of the most public-spirited men of his time. Edward's mother was a sister of the famous orator and publicist, Edward Everett, for whom the boy was named.

Talent ran riot in the Hale family. Edward's sister Lucretia became a celebrated author; his elder brother Nathan, an editor and college teacher;

another brother, Charles, a distinguished editor and publicist; and another sister, Susan, a well-known teacher and artist. All this was largely due, of course, to hereditary family traits, but it was also due to a peculiar environment. In his delightful autobiographical sketches, *A New England Boyhood*, Dr. Hale himself tells us how Boston in the early nineteenth century created of itself an atmosphere favorable to the broadest and highest education. And in the Hale home itself children were sure to lead a healthy life, to become versatile in their aptitudes and catholic in their tastes.

After a preparatory training in the famous Boston Latin School, Edward entered Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1839, at the remarkably early age of seventeen. For the two years following he taught Latin in the Boston Latin School — an experience which he does not seem to have enjoyed, for he thought little of the curriculum and the methods of instruction of that time. He then privately studied theology, and, in 1842, was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of

Congregational Ministers. In religion he was a Unitarian. The next several years he spent in ministering to various congregations, and passed the winter of 1844–1845 in Washington, D.C. In 1846 he became pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, Massachusetts. By this time he had already become an experienced writer and an able journalist. He had always believed that a preacher ought to be all kinds of a man — public spirited, devoted to great causes, glad to labor with voice and pen for his convictions. During the ten years of his pastorate in Worcester he became much more of a public man than ever before. It was the strenuous time of the Kansas-Nebraska slavery struggle. Hale was, of course, an ardent abolitionist, and, in 1854, appeared his *History of Kansas and Nebraska*, one of the best antislavery arguments of the period. At this time, too, the *New York Tribune* reprinted from the *Boston Advertiser* his ringing editorials against slavery.

In 1852 he married. In 1856 he left Worcester to assume the pastorate of the South Congregational Church in Boston. Harvard, in 1879, be-

stowed upon him, now one of her most distinguished alumni, the honorary degree of S.T.D. Dr. Hale held his pastorate in Boston for forty-seven years — a long period of service to one congregation, marked by fine achievements in many lines of activity. In 1903 he finally resigned his pastorate to become chaplain of the United States senate. This position he filled until his death in June, 1909, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

Dr. Hale's presence was commanding, his manner most attractive. All through his life he radiated cheerfulness, kindliness, benevolence, and optimism. Young people especially gathered around him, to find in him the wisest of counsellors and the most helpful of friends. It has been said he was a typical New Englander. This is true, if to be such is to be justly proud of New England, thoroughly informed in her history, her ideals, her contribution to American life, thoroughly permeated with her spirit of patriotism, her belief in education, and her zeal for religion. But he was all the more an American. His early life comprised a period of great movements and large con-

victions. Among his friends and associates were Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Emerson, Webster, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Sumner, Whittier, Phillips Brooks, Freeman Clarke — a brilliant circle, of whom he was by no means the least, though he was the last, for with him died an era in New England's history.

The main outlines of Dr. Hale's life are simple: he was a preacher, and he held but two pastorates. But the details of that life are complex. With his rare gift for literary creation, he might well have devoted himself entirely to literature, but he preferred to be an "all-round man," touching life at many points: he was editor, antiquarian, naturalist, sociologist, lecturer, writer of many books on many subjects, peace-maker, preacher, and philanthropist. His book *Ten Times One is Ten* (1870) led to the formation of philanthropic clubs all over the world, among them the King's Daughters. To him as much as to any one man is due the founding of the Hague Peace Tribunal. He was one of the most devoted workers for the Chautauqua idea. He was president of the Phi Beta

Kappa society and a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers. His interest in emigration led to his writing a book on Irish emigration, and he was at one time president of the New England Emigrant Aid Society. Always he was an enthusiastic antiquarian, particularly in all matters relating to New England, and once served as secretary of the American Antiquarian Society. And even this fails to complete the tale of his multifold activities.

With all this, Dr. Hale found time for an enormous amount of writing and editing. He served on the staff of the *Boston Advertiser* in every capacity, from office-boy to editor-in-chief. While still in his teens he wrote for the *Monthly Chronicle* and the *Boston Miscellany*. At one time he was editor of the *Christian Examiner* and, again, of the *Sunday School Gazette*. He founded and edited the magazine *Old and New*, and edited and published *Lend a Hand* and *The Peace Crusade*. He was editorial writer for the *New England Magazine* and contributed largely to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Outlook*, and a host of other periodicals.

Dr. Hale was, moreover, the author of over

fifty books, most of them prompted by some philanthropic or ethical purpose. He wrote histories, such as *Kansas and Nebraska;* social works, such as *Letters on Irish Emigration;* purely philanthropic and ethical works, such as *In His Name* and *Ten Times One is Ten;* works of practical advice, such as *How to Do It;* biographies, such as the *Life of Washington;* books on antiquarian subjects, such as *Puritan Politics;* literary history and biography, such as *Lowell and His Friends;* novels; and volumes of short stories, of poems, and of sermons.

Few of these books, however good of their kind, can lay claim to permanent literary value. They were mainly "books of the hour," not "books for all time." But Dr. Hale also possessed, besides his ability as a journalist and his wonderful general knowledge, a large degree of creative power. This is best shown in his short-stories; and on these, enough to fill a fair-sized volume, his purely literary fame must rest. Had he devoted himself entirely to such production, the output would doubtless have been immensely greater in quantity.

But what we have is fine, almost unique of its kind. Among these delightful short-stories and tales undoubtedly the best is that incomparable piece *The Man without a Country*. Mr. William Dean Howells said of Dr. Hale, "He is more than a great writer: he is a great citizen." And the reader suspects, as he perceives the humor, the sympathy, the fun, and the pathos of Dr. Hale's stories, that it is well the author was first of all a "great citizen" and only afterwards a "great writer."

The Short-story

All fiction may be roughly divided into two classes — the *novel* and the *short-story*, or *tale*. The latter may, in its turn, be divided into two classes — what is now technically termed the "short-story," a distinct form of narrative art; and the "tale," or more leisurely short narrative, which has far more in common with the novel than with the brief, concise, and definite short-story.

The modern form of the short-story has been the growth of the last hundred years. Apparently, short-stories of some kind have always existed —

in the East and in Europe; in the classic times, in the Middle Ages in the Renaissance; in all ages, languages, and lands; in every possible subject and in every possible style. Some of these stories are very fine in single details; a few of them are masterpieces from every standpoint; but, in the main, the typical short-story, or tale, is not a perfect example of narrative art before the nineteenth century. It is rarely carefully planned; its details are not subordinated to one general effect; the story is often rambling, inconsequential, digressive. Little need here be said about the growth of art until we reach the time of our American story-writer, Washington Irving.

In Irving's delightful and artistic stories we find something radically different from all that preceded them. In careful management of plot, artistic use of description, subordination of detail, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *The Spectre Bridegroom* are masterpieces of their kind. They fail only in one respect to be typical examples of the technical short-story in its best estate: Irving himself declared that he would never be bound by

rule ; that he liked, when telling his stories, to linger by the way, take his time, and embroider his narrative as he pleased. Hence his tales, while altogether charming, do not exhibit the swiftness and conciseness of the true short-story.

It was another American, Poe, who attained the first mastery of this art. What Poe did for the short-story, how he reduced its principles to a code, and exemplified these principles in so many masterpieces, has become a commonplace of literary history and criticism. In one of his best critical essays Poe, with remarkable clearness and finality, outlines the boundaries of the short-story, gives its reason for being, its purpose, and its possibilities. True, some of these principles had been practised by one writer, some by another, but never had all of them been so consistently obeyed and exemplified as in such stories as *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *Ligeia*, and *The Masque of the Red Death*.

But Hawthorne, Poe's great contemporary, was also deliberately producing masterpieces of high merit, though of a very different kind. Haw-

thorne's art is quieter, more subtle, more sympathetic, than Poe's. Perhaps his didactic purpose is sometimes too evident for perfect art. He deals with the beautiful rather than the horrible; his sense of mystery is more delicate and spiritual than Poe's. Of their kind, nothing could be finer than such stories as *Rappacini's Daughter*, *The Minister's Black Veil*, *The Artist of the Beautiful*, *The Ambitious Guest* — to name only four among many masterpieces. Poe is surer, swifter, more concise; Hawthorne is more suggestive, more lovely, more human. The two names are inseparable as those of our first two American masters of the short-story, the founders of the art.

After Poe and Hawthorne learned and revealed the secret, the short-story soon became popularized in America. A host of excellent story-tellers sprang up — so many that only the most representative can even be named here. Bret Harte learned to tell, with wonderful skill, strange, humorous, pathetic stories of the Western mining-camps. In such stories as *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, and *Tennessee's*

Partner he perhaps does not show himself a finer artist than Hawthorne and Poe, but he shows how the short-story can be adapted to the representation of real life — especially to the life of one section of the country. With Harte the short-story became a typical American literary product. This country, with its immense area, its conglomerate population, its variety of setting, offered an unequalled field for the development of the form. Within the last fifty years a host of talented writers have exhibited every phase of the art: stories of real life and of dream life; stories written in every part of our country and mirroring every phase of our national life and character. Mr. H. C. Bunner and Mr. Brander Matthews have pictured the life of New York City; Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett — to name only two of a large number — have devoted their remarkable talent and delicate art to the delineation of New England; Miss Murphree, Mr. Cable, Mr. Harris, Mr. Page, have written of various parts of the South; Mr. Hamlin Garland, of the middle West. Mr. Frank Stockton, one of our finest masters,

has written delightful stories of fantasy, such as *The Bee Man of Orm*, *The Wreck of the "Thomas Hyke,"* the famous *Lady or the Tiger*. Our magazines of to-day are filled with good stories, few rising into great literature, but an occasional one showing qualities that fairly entitle it to be ranked with those of the masters of the past.

A false impression would be conveyed if the American short-story only were mentioned here. France was little behind America, if at all. Prosper Mérimée and Balzac ; later, Theophile Gautier, De Musset, Flaubert, Daudet ; and, lastly, Guy de Maupassant brought the art to astonishing perfection, and produced stories that for realism, sheer power, swiftness, and sureness of effect certainly cannot be surpassed in the world's literature. England, so devoted to the novel, was slow in developing the short-story, but finally, in Stevenson, Henry James, and Kipling, produced at least three writers who must take rank among its greatest masters.

A short-story, like any other piece of fiction, must have for its elements plot, character, and set-

ting; but, unlike all other forms of fiction, it attempts to convey one single impression, to gain one single effect. To this end it subordinates every detail of its elements, from the very beginning plans its appropriate effect and knows what will be the end. Suppose its chief emphasis is to be placed on character: only those details are selected that will give just the right impression. The characters, too, must be few, swift to develop, and must engage our attention at once. If the impression is to be conveyed by the plot, the story must economize every detail of action, move swiftly and surely to its climax, without digression or leisurely asides. If the chief emphasis is to be placed upon setting or background, both plot and characters may be feeble, provided the setting be artistically portrayed. Here the attention is sharply focussed upon one section, one village, sometimes one house, with a resulting unity of impression as effective and as legitimate in its way as that gained from either plot or characters.

His brief, concise plot enables the short-story writer to use material denied to the novelist. The

horrible, the dreadful, the painful, weary or disgust in a novel; in a short-story such material may be used with masterly power. Furthermore, the short-story can propose all sorts of problems without answering them, can leave its reader guessing and wondering, whereas the novel must always have a solution for all its questions. The novel deals with life as a whole; the short-story only with particular aspects and phases; it furnishes only bare glimpses of the human comedy. Thus the short-story writer need not be consistent, need not "see life steadily and see it whole"; he may see but one aspect, but he must see that aspect with great clearness and vividness. It is evident that the short-story has its limitations; what it gains in concentration of interest, in vigor, and in energy, it loses in truth to life, in sanity, in breadth of view. But above all, it must possess "the saving grace of style." A work of literary art so brief, so delicate, with attention so sharply directed to every detail, must be perfectly written if it is to live among the best of its kind. And it is true that when one reads a great short-story by Poe, Hawthorne, Bret Harte,

Stevenson, Henry James, or Kipling, he feels that it could not have been written in any other way, that every word is as it should be, that the whole has the finality, the inevitableness, of consummate art.

Side by side with the modern short-story still exists the older forms of the loosely constructed brief tale, known to literature from the earliest days, from which the modern story is derived. The tale employed a more leisurely method of telling its story, was more digressive, and lacked the compactness, the swiftness, and the energy of the short-story. In its modern form it is apt to be anecdotal, reminiscential, personal, intimate. If it does not choose to be confined by the limits of the short-story, it is none the worse for that: of its kind it can be quite as artistic and pleasing. Masters of the short-story are likely at any time to change from the technic of the short-story to that of the tale. Dr. Hale himself is a master rather of the tale than of the true short-story; what he had to say was better suited to the more leisurely and personal form, and is all the more effective for being embodied in that form.

The Three Stories in This Volume

The Man without a Country is a tale about a man who at first hated his country and then grew, through suffering, to love it with passionate devotion. It is a study in the development of character, and the incidents of the story are selected and arranged only for this end. The setting, though detailed with remarkable wealth of local color and allusion, is for the same purpose. Only the naval officer who tells the story could be supposed to have known Philip Nolan and could use familiarly the characteristic naval parlance. The mere idea of the life-long and ever changing imprisonment, of constant shifting from ship to ship, of the growth of patriotism through terrible suffering, is surely novel and striking in itself. But much greater than the idea is the creation of the real and convincing character of Philip Nolan. He is a splendid creation. There went to the making of him a large knowledge of the human heart. The leisurely method of the story, its incidental digressions, debar it from being classed as a typical

short-story; for its own purposes its method is the better one. And yet the reader gains a distinct unity of impression. We cannot fail to notice, too, that this wonderful tale was written with a purpose: the inculcation of patriotism in a period of dismay and doubt. This purpose does not mar the tale, which teaches only as life itself teaches. The art of the story is supreme.

My Double and How He Undid Me is more nearly a typical short-story, though it gives, instead of a coherent plot, a series of funny incidents leading finally to a ludicrous climax. The interest is derived solely from these incidents. The setting is very cleverly managed; most of the names seem real, and the details of the background are characteristic of the section of country. The characters, uninteresting in themselves and only indicated, serve as props for the action. We have, indeed, a true unity of impression — that of the unhappy lot of a New England village clergyman, but we feel that the incidents, funny as they are, might just as well have been multiplied indefinitely. The action lacks the coherence and unity of the

short-story; it has all the delightful inconsequence of the tale. But the story is, for all that, a masterpiece of delightful humor and delicate satire

Of the three stories, *The Children of the Public* is least of a short-story and most of a tale. The social idea behind it, perhaps a little too insistently obtruded for perfect art, is, nevertheless, a good one; and the action, though slow and leisurely, makes a most entertaining story. The characters are types rather than individuals. The impression left by the story resolves itself almost into a maxim. Each one of us is a part of "The Public," all mutually dependent and mutually responsible. The plot, or rather the chronicle, is formed by the events of the hero's life until he finally wins his bride; and to this chronicle is attached an appendix giving the life of the heroine. This is far from the method of the short-story; yet it has its full share of power and charm. The background is filled in with care, with much true and picturesque detail; the scene in Castle Garden is finely dramatic; humor and pathos there is in plenty; and, finally, the whole

story, as told by the hero himself, seems wonderfully real and true.

Taken as a group, the three stories in this volume are excellent illustrations of Dr. Hale's earlier manner.

July, 1910. S. M. T.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

I° SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement: —

"NOLAN. *Died*, on board U. S. Corvette° *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11′ S. Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN."

I happened to observe it because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan.° There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement if the officer of the *Levant*

who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps*° of the profession and the personal honor of its members that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown, — and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives

when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross° burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers,° or possibly one of the Watsons,° had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields,°— who was in the Navy Department when he came home, — he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*Non mi ricordo*," ° determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be **A Man without a Country.**

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When

Aaron Burr° made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac,° or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally took advantage of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela,° sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district-attorneys; he had dined at I

know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses, and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day — his arrival — to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cotton-wood tree, as he said, — really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia° of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York,° by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the

summer at Fort Adams,° got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough, — that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped, — rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy, —

"D——n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say

their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," ° "Orleans plot," ° and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor, that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than

for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him.

I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say,—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost

his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added, — "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them, — certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner

on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy — it must have been the first Crowninshield,° though he is a man I do not remember — was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted, — perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw,° though I think it was one of the younger men, — we are all old enough now — regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way : —

"WASHINGTON" (with the date, which must have been late in 1807).

"SIR, — You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an

officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Resp'y yours,

"W. SOUTHARD, *for the*

"*Sec'y of the Navy.*"

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war, — cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up

the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own state-room, — he always had a state-room, — which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a

party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod.° Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's° speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, be-

cause on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet° for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the *Lay of the Last Ministrel*,° which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut

out the *Tempest*° from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming, —

> "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said," —

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically, —

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on, —

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand? —
If such there breathe, go, mark him well," —

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on, —

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self," —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room, "and by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again.

And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his state-room he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him, — very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally, — I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's ° sermons, — but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heartwounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home, — if, as I say, it was Shaw, — rather to the surprise of every-

body they made one of the Windward Islands,° and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps, — that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise, — it was

once when he was up the Mediterranean, — that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's state-room for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travellers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton° herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contre-temps*.° Only when some English lady — Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps — called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances.° The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to, — the officers

teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. — As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said, — so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say, —

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said, —

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," — just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a Godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes

and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking-time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly, — a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after, —

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" — and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan, alone, as he always was. — He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order: nobody can now: and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; ° and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," ° who was being

punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the War. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, — and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority, — who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him, — perfectly cheery,

and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck, — sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time, — showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, — making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, — and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said, —

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree ; that the Commodore said, —

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir ; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had had the Englishman's sword,° in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said, —

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said, —

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the despatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter° when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter, — that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble.° That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison° and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair after-

wards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my note-books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrap-books." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully

illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours, respectively, of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera*° or *Steptopotera*°; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them, — why Linnæus° knew as little of that as John Foy° the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went

aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the War with England, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty,° while the Reigning House,° which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage,° and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain, — a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a

"Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about *the man without a country* one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this

boat it was my luck to go. When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their hand-cuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois*° of a dialect, from the Zulu click° up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.°

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said, —

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked

Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen° were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.°

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish," — that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina*° of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."°

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was

practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas*," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said: —

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in

six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."°

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting in the fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said, —

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon,° if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert,° they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me:

—"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government,

and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, — "O, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years,

what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas° harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth *ben trovato*,° involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr, — asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear, from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful: it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg° and Beauregard° who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury° and Barron° who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country, — that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes° and Leicester Squares,° where they are destined to upbraid each

other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton° told me, that, when Texas° was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it, — from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when,

for a short time, I was in command of the George Washington corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata,° and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit, — so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously: —

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for nearly twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin° began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas,° and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had travelled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say, —

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's° curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"°

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that

in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment, — rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807

regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter: —

"LEVANT, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

"DEAR FRED, — I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I

ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom, — a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, — the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, — and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my

glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? — Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, — God bless her! — a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God

for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me, — tell me something, — tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you!' 'Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi, — that was where Fort Adams is, — they

make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; — that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a great deal besides furs.' Then he went back — heavens, how far! — to ask about the Chesapeake,° and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again, — and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about

the old war, — told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the 'Java,'° — asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton° and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott° and Jackson°; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi,° and New Orleans,° and Texas,° and his own old Kentucky.° And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his head-quarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to con-

dense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him, — of emigration, and the means of it, — of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, — of inventions, and books, and literature, — of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School, — but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked all of a sudden, who was president now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's° son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding;° I told him about the

Smithsonian° and the Exploring Expedition;° I told him about the Capitol,° — and the statues for the pediment, — and Crawford's Liberty,° — and Greenough's Washington.° Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!°

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness,' — and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned

to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,' and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati."

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:—

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly:

wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:—

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:—

"'*In Memory of*
"'PHILIP NOLAN,
"'*Lieutenant of the Army of the United States.*
"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

MY DOUBLE, AND HOW HE UNDID ME

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ONE OF THE INGHAM PAPERS

It is not often that I trouble the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*.° I should not trouble them now, but for the importunities of my wife, who "feels to insist" that a duty to society is unfulfilled till I have told why I had to have a double, and how he undid me. She is sure, she says, that intelligent persons cannot understand that pressure upon public servants which alone drives any man into the employment of a double. And while I fear she thinks, at the bottom of her heart, that my fortunes will never be remade, she has a faint hope that, as another Rasselas,° I may teach a lesson to future publics, from which they may profit, though we die. Owing to the behavior of my double, or, if you please, to that public pressure

which compelled me to employ him, I have plenty of leisure to write this communication.

I am, or rather was, a minister of the Sandemanian° connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick,° on one of the finest water-powers in Maine. We used to call it a western town in the heart of the civilization of New England. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I; and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our heart's content.

Alas! how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first housekeeping! To be the confidential friend in a hundred families in the town, — cutting the social trifle, as my friend Haliburton° says, "from the top of the whipped-syllabub to the bottom of the sponge-cake, which is the foundation," — to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study, and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town, and to inspirit both and make both infinite by glimpses of the Eternal Glory, seemed

such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!

The truth is, that this vision was not in itself a delusion, nor, indeed, half bright enough. If one could only have been left to do his own business, the vision would have accomplished itself and brought out new paraheliacal visions, each as bright as the original. The misery was and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, that, besides the vision, and besides the usual human and finite failures in life (such as breaking the old pitcher that came over in the *Mayflower*,° and putting into the fire the alpenstock with which her father climbed Mont Blanc°), — besides these, I say, (imitating the style of Robinson Crusoe,) there were pitchforked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs, handed down from some unknown seed-time, in which we were expected, and I chiefly, to fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand behind the Sepoys° in the spectacle of the

Cataract of the Ganges.° They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me, it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives, one real and one merely functional, — for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was in a vague notion, which everybody had and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Dr. Wigan° on the *Duality of the Brain*, hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. For Richard Greenough° once told me, that, in studying for the statue of Franklin, he found that the left side of the great man's face

was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling. If you will go and look at the bronze statue you will find he has repeated this observation there for posterity. The eastern profile is the portrait of the statesman Franklin, the western of poor Richard.° But Dr. Wigan does not go into these niceties of this subject, and I failed. It was then, that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a double.

I was, at first, singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs° that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering-place, to the great Monson Almshouse. We were passing through one of the large halls, when my destiny was fulfilled! I saw my man.

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was my height, five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and

mine. And — choicest gift of Fate in all — he had, not "a strawberry mark on his left arm," but a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader, so have I! — My fate was sealed!

A word with Mr. Holley, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless, who had sealed his fate by marrying a dumb wife, who was at that moment ironing in the laundry. Before I left Stafford I had hired both for five years. We had applied to Judge Pynchon, then the probate judge at Springfield,° to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham. We had explained to the Judge, what was the precise truth, that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under this new name, into his family. It never occurred to him that Dennis might be more than fourteen years old. And thus, to shorten this preface, when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, her new dumb laundress, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my

double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham by as good right as I.

Oh, the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles! Really, they were electro-plate, and the glass was plain (for the poor fellow's eyes were excellent). Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches. I had found these would be quite enough for the supernumerary-Sepoy line of life, and it was well for me they were. For though he was good-natured, he was very shiftless, and it was, as our national proverb says, "like pulling teeth" to teach him. But at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air, —

1. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. "I am very glad you liked it."

3. "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

4. "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room."

At first I had a feeling that I was going to be at great cost for clothing him. But it proved, of course, at once, that, whenever he was out, I should be at home. And I went, during the bright period of his success, to so few of those awful pageants which require a black dress-coat and what the ungodly call, after Mr. Dickens, a white choker, that in the happy retreat of my own dressing-gowns and jackets my days went by as happily and cheaply as those of another Thalaba.° And Polly declares there was never a year when the tailoring cost so little. He lived (Dennis, not Thalaba) in his wife's room over the kitchen. He had orders never to show himself at that window. When he appeared in the front of the house, I retired to my sanctissimum and my dressing-gown. In short, the Dutchman and his wife,° in the old weather-box, had not less to do with each other than he and I. He made the furnace-fire and split the wood before daylight; then he went to sleep again, and slept late; then came for

orders, with a red silk bandanna tied round his head, with his overalls on, and his dress-coat and spectacles off. If we happened to be interrupted, no one guessed that he was Frederic Ingham as well as I; and, in the neighborhood, there grew up an impression that the minister's Irishman worked daytimes in the factory village at New Coventry.° After I had given him his orders, I never saw him till the next day.

I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-seven are necessary to form a quorum. One becomes a member under the regulations laid down in old Judge Dudley's will. I became one by being ordained pastor of a church in Naguadavick. You see you cannot help yourself, if you would. At this particular time we had had four successive meetings, averaging four hours each, — wholly occupied in whipping in a quorum. At the first only eleven men were present; at the next, by force of three circulars, twenty-seven; at the third, thanks to two days' canvassing by

Auchmuty and myself, begging men to come, we had sixty. Half the others were in Europe. But without a quorum we could do nothing. All the rest of us waited grimly for our four hours, and adjourned without any action. At the fourth meeting we had flagged, and only got fifty-nine together. But on the first appearance of my double, — whom I sent on this fatal Monday to the fifth meeting, — he was the *sixty-seventh* man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! The poor fellow had missed his way, — read the street signs ill through his spectacles, (very ill, in fact, without them,) — and had not dared to inquire. He entered the room, finding the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were also members *ex officio*,° and were begging leave to go away. On his entrance all was changed. *Presto*, the by-laws were amended, and the Western property was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do, in every instance, with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of

sense, though a little unpunctual, — and Dennis, *alias* Ingham, returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed. He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I.

I "set him again" at the exhibition of the New Coventry Academy; and here he undertook a "speaking part," — as, in my boyish, worldly days, I remember the bills used to say of Mlle. Céleste.° We are all trustees of the New Coventry Academy; and there has lately been "a good deal of feeling" because the Sandemanian trustees did not regularly attend the exhibitions. It has been intimated, indeed, that the Sandemanians are leaning towards Free-Will, and that we have, therefore, neglected these semi-annual exhibitions, while there is no doubt that Auchmuty last year went to Commencement at Waterville. Now the head master at New Coventry is a real good fellow, who knows a Sanskrit° root when he sees it, and often cracks etymologies with me, — so that,

in strictness, I ought to go to their exhibitions. But think, reader, of sitting through three long July days in that Academy chapel, following the programme from

TUESDAY MORNING. *English Composition.* "SUNSHINE." Miss Jones.

round to

Trio on Three Pianos. Duel from the Opera of "Midshipman Easy." *Marryat.*

coming in at nine, Thursday evening! Think of this, reader, for men who know the world is trying to go backward, and who would give their lives if they could help it on! Well! The double had succeeded so well at the Board, that I sent him to the Academy. (Shade of Plato,° pardon!) He arrived early on Tuesday, when, indeed, few but mothers and clergymen are generally expected, and returned in the evening to us, covered with honors. He had dined at the right hand of the chairman, and he spoke in high terms of the repast. The chairman had expressed his interest in the French conversation. "I am

very glad you liked it," said Dennis; and the poor chairman, abashed, supposed the accent had been wrong. At the end of the day, the gentlemen present had been called upon for speeches, — the Rev. Frederic Ingham first, as it happened; upon which Dennis had risen, and had said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time." The girls were delighted, because Dr. Dabney, the year before, had given them at this occasion a scolding on impropriety of behavior at lyceum lectures. They all declared Mr. Ingham was a love, — and *so* handsome! (Dennis is good-looking.) Three of them, with arms behind the others' waists, followed him up to the wagon he rode home in; and a little girl with a blue sash had been sent to give him a rosebud. After this *début* in speaking, he went to the exhibition for two days more, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. Indeed, Polly reported that he had pronounced the trustees' dinners of a higher grade than those of the parsonage. When the next term began I found six of the Academy girls

had obtained permission to come across the river and attend our church. But this arrangement did not long continue.

After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided; he sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me, always voting judiciously, by the simple rule mentioned above, of siding with the minority. And I, meanwhile, who had before been losing caste among my friends, as holding myself aloof from the associations of the body, began to rise in everybody's favor. "Ingham's a good fellow, always on hand;" "never talks much, — but does the right thing at the right time;" "is not as unpunctual as he used to be, — he comes early, and sits through to the end." "He has got over his old talkative habit, too. I spoke to a friend of his about it once; and I think Ingham took it kindly," etc., etc.

This voting power of Dennis was particularly valuable at the quarterly meetings of the proprietors of the Naguadavick Ferry. My wife inherited from her father some shares in that enter-

prise, which is not yet fully developed, though it doubtless will become a very valuable property. The law of Maine then forbade stockholders to appear by proxy at such meetings. Polly disliked to go, not being, in fact, a "hens'-rights hen," and transferred her stock to me. I, after going once, disliked it more than she. But Dennis went to the next meeting, and liked it very much. He said the armchairs were good, the collation good, and the free rides to stockholders pleasant. He was a little frightened when they first took him upon one of the ferry-boats, but after two or three quarterly meetings he became quite brave.

Thus far I never had any difficulty with him. Indeed, being of that type which is called shiftless, he was only too happy to be told daily what to do, and to be charged not to be forthputting or in any way original in his discharge of that duty. He learned, however, to discriminate between the lines of his life, and very much preferred these stockholders' meetings and trustees' dinners and Commencement collations to another set of occa-

sions, from which he used to beg off most piteously. Our excellent brother, Dr. Fillmore, had taken a notion at this time that our Sandemanian churches needed more expression of mutual sympathy. He insisted upon it that we were remiss. He said that if the bishop came to preach at Naguadavick, all the Episcopal clergy of the neighborhood were present; if Dr. Pond came, all the Congregational clergymen turned out to hear him; if Dr. Nichols, all the Unitarians; and he thought we owed it to each other, that, whenever there was an occasional service at a Sandemanian church, the other brethren should all, if possible, attend. "It looked well," if nothing more. Now this really meant that I had not been to hear one of Dr. Fillmore's lectures on the Ethnology of Religion. He forgot that he did not hear one of my course on the "Sandemanianism of Anselm.°" But I felt badly when he said it; and afterwards I always made Dennis go to hear all the brethren preach, when I was not preaching myself. This was what he took exceptions to, — the only thing, as I said, which he ever did except to. Now came

the advantage of his long morning nap, and of the green tea with which Polly supplied the kitchen. But he would plead, so humbly, to be let off, only from one or two! I never excepted him, however. I knew the lectures were of value, and I thought it best he should be able to keep the connection.

Polly is more rash than I am, as the reader has observed in the outset of this memoir. She risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges had always been very kind to us, and, when he gave his great annual party to the town, asked us. I confess I hated to go. I was deep in the new volume of Pfeiffer's° "Mystics," which Haliburton had just sent me from Boston. "But how rude," said Polly, "not to return the Governor's civility and Mrs. Gorges', when they will be sure to ask why you are away!" Still I demurred, and at last she, with the wit of Eve and of Semiramis° conjoined, let me off by saying, that, if I would go in with her, and sustain the initial conversations with the Governor and the ladies staying there, she would risk Dennis for

the rest of the evening. And that was just what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of the supper-table, — and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall. I made the grand star-*entrée* with Polly and the pretty Walton girls, who were staying with us. We had put Dennis into a great rough top-coat, without his glasses, — and the girls never dreamed, in the darkness, of looking at him. He sat in the carriage, at the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable to Mrs. Gorges, was introduced to her niece, Miss Fernanda, — I complimented Judge Jeffries on his decision in the great case of D'Aulnay *vs.* Laconia Mining Company, — I stepped into the dressing-room for a moment — stepped out for another, — walked home, after a nod with Dennis, and tying the horse to a pump ; — and while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my double, stepped in through the library into the Gorges' grand saloon.

Oh ! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it

at midnight! And even here, where I have to teach my hands to hew the beech for stakes to fence our cave, she dies of laughing as she recalls it, — and says that single occasion was worth all we have paid for it. Gallant Eve that she is! She joined Dennis at the library door, and in an instant presented him to Dr. Ochterlony from Baltimore, who was on a visit in town, and was talking with her, as Dennis came in. "Mr. Ingham would like to hear what you were telling us about your success among the German population." And Dennis bowed and said, in spite of a scowl from Polly, "I'm very glad you liked it." But Dr. Ochterlony did not observe, and plunged into the tide of explanation, — Dennis listening like a prime-minister, and bowing like a mandarin, — which is, I suppose, the same thing. Polly declared it was just like Haliburton's Latin conversation with the Hungarian minister, of which he is very fond of telling, "*Quæne sit historia Reformationis in Ungariâ?*" quoth Haliburton, after some thought. And his *confrère* replied gallantly, "*In seculo decimo tertio*," etc., etc., etc.; and

from *decimo tertio* [1] to the nineteenth century and a half lasted till the oysters came. So was it that before Dr. Ochterlony came to the "success," or near it, Governor Gorges came to Dennis and asked him to hand Mrs. Jeffries down to supper, a request which he heard with great joy.

Polly was skipping round the room, I guess, gay as a lark. Auchmuty came to her "in pity for poor Ingham," who was so bored by the stupid pundit,° — and Auchmuty could not understand why I stood it so long. But when Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, Polly could not resist standing near them. He was a little flustered, till the sight of the eatables and drinkables gave him the same Mercian courage which it gave Diggory.° A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the Judge's lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* ° there edgewise. "Very well, I thank you," said he,

[1] Which means, "In the thirteenth century," my dear little bell and coral reader. You have rightly guessed that the question means "What is the history of the Reformation in Hungary?"

after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?" And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica, and belladonna, and camomile-flower, and dodecatheon, till she changed oysters for salad, — and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sister's friend said, and what the physician to her sister's friend said, and then what was said by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister, exactly as if it had been in Ollendorff? ° There was a moment's pause, as she declined champagne. "I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis again, which he never should have said, but to one who complimented a sermon. "Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink any wine at all, — except sometimes in summer a little currant shrub, — from our own currants, you know. My own mother, — that is, I call her my own mother, because, you know, I do not remember," etc., etc., etc.; till they came to the candied orange at the end of the feast, — when Dennis, rather confused, thought he must

say something, and tried No. 4, — "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room," — which he never should have said but at a public meeting. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens expecting to understand, caught him up instantly with "Well, I'm sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you, — though we do worship with the Methodists; — but you know, Mr. Ingham," etc., etc., etc., till the move was made upstairs; — and as Dennis led her through the hall, he was scarcely understood by any but Polly, as he said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

His great resource the rest of the evening was, standing in the library, carrying on animated conversations with one and another in much the same way. Polly had initiated him in the mysteries of a discovery of mine, that it is not necessary to finish your sentences in a crowd, but by a sort of mumble, omitting sibilants ° and dentals.° This, indeed, if your words fail you, answers even in public extempore speech, — but better where

other talking is going on. Thus, — "We missed you at the Natural History Society, Ingham." Ingham replies, "I am very gligloglum, that is, that you were mmmmm." By gradually dropping the voice, the interlocutor is compelled to supply the answer. "Mrs. Ingham, I hope your friend Augusta is better." Augusta has not been ill. Polly cannot think of explaining, however, and answers, — "Thank you, ma'am; she is very rearason wewahwewoh," in lower and lower tones. And Mrs. Throckmorton, who forgot the subject of which she spoke, as soon as she asked the question, is quite satisfied. Dennis could see into the card-room, and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play all-fours. But, of course, she sternly refused. At midnight they came home delighted, — Polly, as I said, wild to tell me the story of the victory; only both the pretty Walton girls said, — "Cousin Frederic, you did not come near me all the evening."

We always called him Dennis at home, for convenience, though his real name was Frederic Ingham, as I have explained. When the election day

came round, however, I found that by some accident there was only one Frederic Ingham's name on the voting-list; and, as I was quite busy that day in writing some foreign letters to Halle,° I thought I would forego my privilege of suffrage, and stay quietly at home, telling Dennis that he might use the record on the voting-list, and vote. I gave him a ticket, which I told him he might use, if he liked to. That was that very sharp election in Maine which the readers of the *Atlantic* so well remember, and it had been intimated in public that the ministers would do well not to appear at the polls. Of course, after that, we had to appear by self or proxy. Still, Naguadavick was not then a city, and this standing in a double queue at town-meeting several hours to vote was a bore of the first water; and so when I found that there was but one Frederic Ingham on the list, and that one of us must give up, I stayed at home and finished the letters (which, indeed, procured for Fothergill his coveted appointment of Professor of Astronomy at Leavenworth,) and I gave Dennis, as we called him, the chance. Some-

thing in the matter gave a good deal of popularity to the Frederic Ingham name; and at the adjourned election, next week, Frederic Ingham was chosen to the legislature. Whether this was I or Dennis, I never really knew. My friends seemed to think it was I; but I felt that as Dennis had done the popular thing, he was entitled to the honor; so I sent him to Augusta ° when the time came, and he took the oaths. And a very valuable member he made. They appointed him on the Committee on Parishes; but I wrote a letter for him, resigning, on the ground that he took an interest in our claim to the stumpage in the minister's sixteenths of Gore A, next No. 7, in the 10th Range. He never made any speeches, and always voted with the minority, which was what he was sent to do. He made me and himself a great many good friends, some of whom I did not afterwards recognize as quickly as Dennis did my parishioners. On one or two occasions, when there was wood to saw at home, I kept him at home; but I took those occasions to go to Augusta myself. Finding myself often in his

vacant seat at these times, I watched the proceedings with a good deal of care; and once was so much excited that I delivered my somewhat celebrated speech on the Central School-District question, a speech of which the "State of Maine" printed some extra copies. I believe there is no formal rule permitting strangers to speak; but no one objected.

Dennis himself, as I said, never spoke at all. But our experience this session led me to think that if, by some such "general understanding" as the reports speak of in legislation daily, every member of Congress might leave a double to sit through those deadly sessions and answer to roll-calls and do the legitimate party-voting, which appears stereotyped in the regular list of Ashe, Bocock, Black, etc., we should gain decidedly in working-power. As things stand, the saddest State prison I ever visit is that Representatives' Chamber in Washington. If a man leaves for an hour, twenty "correspondents" may be howling, "Where was Mr. Prendergast when the Oregon bill passed?" And if poor Prendergast stays

there! Certainly, the worst use you can make of a man is to put him in prison!

I know, indeed, that public men of the highest rank have resorted to this expedient long ago. Dumas's novel° of the *Iron Mask* turns on the brutal imprisonment of Louis the Fourteenth's double. There seeems little doubt, in our own history, that it was the real General Pierce° who shed tears when the delegate from Lawrence explained to him the sufferings of the people there, — and only General Pierce's double who had given the orders for the assault on that town, which was invaded the next day. My charming friend, George Withers,° has, I am almost sure, a double, who preaches his afternoon sermons for him. This is the reason that the theology often varies so from that of the forenoon. But that double is almost as charming as the original. Some of the most well-defined men, who stand out most prominently on the background of history, are in this way stereoscopic men, who owe their distinct relief to the slight differences between the doubles. All this I know. My present suggestion is sim-

ply the great extension of the system, so that all public machine-work may be done by it.

But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself, that charming year while all was yet well. After the double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep, and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood! Dennis went to every school-committee meeting, and sat through all those late wranglings which used to keep me up till midnight and awake till morning. He attended all the lectures to which foreign exiles sent me tickets begging me to come for the love of Heaven and of Bohemia.° He accepted and used all the tickets for charity concerts which were sent to me. He appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that "our denomination," or "our party," or "our class," or "our family," or "our street," or "our town," or "our country," or "our State,"

should be fully represented. And I fell back to that charming life which in boyhood one dreams of, when he supposes he shall do his own duty and make his own sacrifices, without being tied up with those of other people. My rusty Sanskrit, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English began to take polish. Heavens! how little I had done with them while I attended to my *public* duties! My calls on my parishioners became the friendly, frequent, homelike sociabilities they were meant to be, instead of the hard work of a man goaded to desperation by the sight of his lists of arrears. And preaching! what a luxury preaching was when I had on Sunday the whole result of an individual, personal week, from which to speak to a people whom all that week I had been meeting as hand-to-hand friend. I never tired on Sunday, and was in condition to leave the sermon at home, if I chose, and preach it extempore, as all men should do always. Indeed, I wonder, when I think that a sensible people, like ours, — really more attached to their clergy than they were in the lost

days, when the Mathers ° and Nortons ° were noble men, — should choose to neutralize so much of their ministers' lives, and destroy so much of their early training, by this undefined passion for seeing them in public. It springs from our balancing of sects. If a spirited Episcopalian takes an interest in the almshouse, and is put on the Poor Board, every other denomination must have a minister there, lest the poorhouse be changed into St. Paul's Cathedral. If a Sandemanian is chosen president of the Young Men's Library, there must be a Methodist vice-president and a Baptist secretary. And if a Universalist Sunday-School Convention collects five hundred delegates, the next Congregationalist Sabbath-School Conference must be as large, "lest 'they' — whoever *they* may be — should think 'we' — whoever *we* may be — are going down."

Freed from these necessities, that happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes. In those long mornings, when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-peddlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem

already, and to school-book agents that I would see them hanged before I would be bribed to introduce their text-books into the schools, — she and I were at work together, as in those old dreaming days, — and in these of our log-cabin again. But all this could not last, — and at length poor Dennis, my double, overtasked in turn, undid me.

It was thus it happened. — There is an excellent fellow, — once a minister, — I will call him Isaacs, — who deserves well of the world till he dies, and after, — because he once, in a real exigency, did the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, as no other man could do it. In the world's great football match, the ball by chance found him loitering on the outside of the field; he closed with it, "camped" it, charged it home, — yes, right through the other side, — not disturbed, not frightened by his own success, — and, breathless, found himself a great man, — as the Great Delta rang applause. But he did not find himself a rich man; and the football has never come in his way again. From that moment to this moment he has been of

no use, that one can see at all. Still, for that great act we speak of Isaacs gratefully and remember him kindly; and he forges on, hoping to meet the football somewhere again. In that vague hope, he had arranged a "movement" for a general organization of the human family into Debating Clubs,° County Societies, State Unions, etc., etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement, of course, was absurd; but we all did our best to forward, not it, but him. It came time for the annual county-meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick. Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it, — got the town-hall, got the Governor to preside, (the saint! — he ought to have triplet doubles provided him by law,) and then came to get me to speak. "No," I said, "I would not speak, if ten Governors presided. I do not believe in the enterprise. If I spoke, it should be to say children should take hold of the prongs of the forks and the blades of the knives. I would subscribe ten dollars, but I

would not speak a mill." So poor Isaacs went his way, sadly, to coax Auchmuty to speak, and Delafield. I went out. Not long after, he came back, and told Polly that they had promised to speak, — the Governor would speak, — and he himself would close with the quarterly report, and some interesting anecdotes regarding Miss Biffin's way of handling her knife and Mr. Nellis's way of footing his fork. "Now if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say one word; but it will show well in the paper, — it will show that the Sandemanians take as much interest in the movement as the Armenians or the Mesopotamians, and will be a great favor to me." Polly, good soul! was tempted, and she promised. She knew Mrs. Isaacs was starving, and the babies, — she knew Dennis was at home, — and she promised! Night came, and I returned. I heard her story. I was sorry. I doubted. But Polly had promised to beg me, and I dared all! I told Dennis to hold his peace, under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour more before he returned,

wild with excitement, — in a perfect Irish fury, — which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

What happened was this. The audience got together, attracted by Governor Gorges' name. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became impatient. He came in direct from the train at last, really ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he. The audience were disappointed, but waited. The Governor, prompted by Isaacs, said, "The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you." Delafield had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing the Ruy Lopez° opening at the chess-club. "The Rev. Mr. Auchmuty will address you." Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and was at the school-committee. "I see Dr. Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word." Dr. Stearns said he had come to listen and not to speak. The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was

resplendent on the platform; but Isaacs, to give him his due, shook his head. But the look was enough. A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out, "Ingham!" A few more wretches cried, "Ingham! Ingham!" Still Isaacs was firm; but the Governor, anxious, indeed, to prevent a row, knew I would say something, and said, "Our friend Mr. Ingham is always prepared, —and though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word, perhaps." Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally. But the people cried, "Go on! go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, to which neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery. My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the

aspect of the evening; the Governor was beside himself, and poor Isaacs thought he was undone! Alas, it was I! A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room." The poor Governor doubted his senses, and crossed to stop him, — not in time, however. The same gallery-boy shouted, "How's your mother?" — and Dennis, now completely lost, tried, as his last shot, No. 1, vainly: "Very well, thank you; and you?"

I think I must have been undone already. But Dennis, like another Lockhard,° chose "to make sicker." The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage, and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight to come down and do so, — stating, that they were all dogs and cowards and the sons of dogs and cowards, — that he would take any five of them single-handed. "Shure, I have said all his

Riverence and the Misthress bade me say," cried he, in defiance; and, seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion, above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the City Marshal, who had been called in, and the Superintendent of my Sunday-School.

The universal impression, of course, was, that the Rev. Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I have been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the impression in Naguadavick. This number of the *Atlantic* will relieve from it a hundred friends of mine who have been sadly wounded by that notion now for years; — but I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No! My double has undone me.

We left town at seven the next morning. I came to No. 9 in the Third Range, and settled on the Minister's Lot. In the new towns in Maine, the first settled minister has a gift of a hundred acres of land. I am the first settled minister in

No. 9. My wife and little Paulina are my parish. We raise corn enough to live on in summer. We kill bear's meat enough to carbonize it in winter. I work on steadily on my "Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries," which I hope to persuade some publisher to publish next year. We are very happy, but the world thinks we are undone.

THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC

THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC

By Felix Carter

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

THE PORK-BARREL

"Felix," said my wife to me, as I came home to-night, "you will have to go to the pork-barrel."

"Are you quite sure," said I, "quite sure? 'Woe to him,' says the oracle, 'who goes to the pork-barrel before the moment of his need.'"

"And woe to him, say I," replied my brave wife — "woe and disaster to him; but the moment of our need has come. The figures are here, and you shall see. I have it all in black and in white."

And so it proved, indeed, that when Miss Sampson, the nurse, was paid for her month's service, and when the boys had their winter boots, and when my life-insurance assessment was provided

for, and the new payment for the insurance on the house — when the taxes were settled with the collector (and my wife had to lay aside double for the war); when the pew-rent was paid for the year, and the water-rate — we must have to start with, on the 1st of January, one hundred dollars. This, as we live, would pay, in cash, the butcher, and the grocer, and the baker, and all the dealers in things that perish, and would buy the omnibus tickets, and recompense Bridget till the 1st of April. And at my house, if we can see forward three months, we are satisfied. But, at my house, we are never satisfied if there is a credit at any store for us. We are sworn to pay as we go. We owe no man anything.

So it was that my wife said: "Felix, you will have to go to the pork-barrel."

This is the story of the pork-barrel.

It happened once, in a little parish in the Green Mountains, that the deacon reported to Parson Plunkett, that, as he rode to meeting by Chung-a-baug Pond, he saw Michael Stowers fishing for pickerel through a hole in the ice on the

Sabbath day. The parson made note of the complaint, and that afternoon drove over to the pond in his "one-horse shay." He made his visit, not unacceptable, on the poor Stowers household, and then crossed lots to the place where he saw poor Michael hoeing. He told Michael that he was charged with Sabbath-breaking, and bade him plead to the charge. And poor Mike, like a man, pled guilty; but, in extenuation, he said that there was nothing to eat in the house, and rather than see wife and children faint, he had cut a hole in the ice,—had put in his hook again and again, and yet again, and coming home had delighted the waiting family with an unexpected breakfast. The good parson made no rebuke, nodded pensive and drove straightway to the deacon's door.

"Deacon," said he, "what meat did you eat for breakfast yesterday?"

The deacon's family had eaten salt pork, fried.

"And where did you get the pork, Deacon?"

The deacon stared, but said he had taken it from his pork-barrel.

"Yes, Deacon," said the old man; "I supposed so. I have been to see Brother Stowers, to talk to him about his Sabbath-breaking, and, Deacon, I find the pond is his pork-barrel."

The story is a favorite with me and with Fausta. But "woe," says the oracle, "to him who goes to the pork-barrel before the moment of his need." And to that "woe" both Fausta and I say "amen." For we know that there is no fish in our pond for spendthrifts or for lazy-bones; none for people who wear gold chains or Attleborough° jewelry; none for people who are ashamed of cheap carpets or wooden mantelpieces. Not for those who run in debt will the fish bite; nor for those who pretend to be richer or better or wiser than they are. No! But we have found, in our lives, that in a great democracy there reigns a great and gracious sovereign. We have found that this sovereign, in a reckless and unconscious way, is, all the time, making the most profuse provision for all the citizens. We have found that those who are not too grand to trust him fare as well as they deserve. We have found, on the

other hand, that those who lick his feet or flatter his follies fare worst of living men. We find that those who work honestly, and only seek a man's fair average of life, or a woman's, get that average, though sometimes by the most singular experiences, in the long run. And thus we find that when an extraordinary contingency arises in life, as just now in ours, we have only to go to our pork-barrel, and the fish rises to our hook or spear.

The sovereign brings this about in all sorts of ways, but he does not fail, if, without flattering him, you trust him. Of this sovereign the name is — "The Public." Fausta and I are apt to call ourselves his children, and so I name this story of our lives,

"The Children of the Public."

CHAPTER II

WHERE IS THE BARREL?

"WHERE is the barrel this time, Fausta?" said I, after I had added and subtracted her figures three times, to be sure she had carried her tens and hundreds rightly. For the units, in such accounts, in face of Dr. Franklin, I confess I do not care.

"The barrel," said she, "is in FRANK LESLIE'S OFFICE. Here is the mark!" and she handed me FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER,° with a mark at this announcement: —

$100

for the Best Short Tale of from one to two pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,° to be sent in on or before the 1st of November, 1862.

"There is another barrel," she said, "with $5,000 in it, and another with $1,000. But we

do not want $5,000 or $1,000. There is a little barrel with $50 in it. But see here, with all this figuring, I cannot make it do. I have stopped the gas now, and I have turned the children's coats — I wish you would see how well Robert's looks — and I have had a new tile put in the cook-stove, instead of buying that lovely new 'Banner.' But all will not do. We must go to this barrel."

"And what is to be the hook, darling, this time?" said I.

"Well! I have been thinking of it all day. I hope you will not hate it — I know you will not like it exactly; but why not write down just the whole story, of what it is to be 'Children of the Public'; how we came to live here, you know; how we built the house, and — all about it?"

"How Felix knew Fausta," said I, "and how Fausta first met Felix, perhaps; and when they first kissed each other; and what she said to him when they did so."

"Tell that, if you dare," said Fausta; "but perhaps — the oracle says we must not be proud — perhaps you might tell just a little. You

know — really almost everybody is named Carter now — and I do not believe the neighbors will notice — perhaps they won't read the paper. And if they do notice it, I don't care! There!"

"It will not be so bad as —"

But I never finished the sentence. An imperative gesture closed my lips physically as well as metaphorically, and I was glad to turn the subject enough to sit down to tea with the children. After the bread and butter we agreed what we might and what we might not tell, and then I wrote what the reader is now to see.

CHAPTER III

MY LIFE TO ITS CRISIS

New-Yorkers of to-day see so many processions, and live through so many sensations, and hurrah for so many heroes in every year, that it is only the oldest of fogies who tells you of the triumphant procession of steamboats which, in the year 1824, welcomed General Lafayette° on his arrival from his tour through the country he had so nobly served. But, if the reader wishes to lengthen out this story, he may button the next silver-gray friend he meets, and ask him to tell of the broken English and broken French of the Marquis, of Levasseur,° and the rest of them; of the enthusiasm of the people and the readiness of the visitors, and he will please bear in mind that of all that am I.

For it so happened that on the morning when, for want of better lions to show, the mayor and

governor and the rest of them took the Marquis and his secretary, and the rest of them, to see the orphan asylum in Deering Street — as they passed into the first ward, after having had "a little refreshment" in the managers' room, Sally Eaton, the head nurse, dropped the first courtesy to them, and Sally Eaton, as it happened, held me screaming in her arms. I had been sent to the asylum that morning with a paper pinned to my bib, which said my name was Felix Carter.

"Eet ees verra fine," said the Marquis, smiling blandly.

"Ravissant!"° said Levasseur, and he dropped a five-franc piece into Sally Eaton's hand. And so the procession of exhibiting managers talking bad French, and of exhibited Frenchmen talking bad English, passed on; all but good old Elkanah Ogden — God bless him! — who happened to have come there with the governor's party, and who loitered a minute to talk with Sally Eaton about me.

Years afterwards she told me how the old man kissed me, how his eyes watered when he asked

my story, how she told again of the moment when I was heard screaming on the doorstep, and how she offered to go and bring the paper which had been pinned to my bib. But the old man said it was no matter — "only we would have called him Marquis," said he, "if his name was not provided for him. We must not leave him here," he said, "he shall grow up a farmer's lad, and not a little cockney." And so, instead of going the grand round of infirmaries, kitchens, bakeries and dormitories with the rest, the good old soul went back into the managers' room, and wrote at the moment a letter to John Myers, who took care of his wild land in St. Lawrence County for him; to ask him if Mrs. Myers would not bring up an orphan baby by hand for him; and if, both together, they would not train this baby till he said "stop"; if, on the other hand, he allowed them, in the yearly account, a hundred dollars each year for the charge.

Anybody who knows how far a hundred dollars goes in the backwoods, in St. Lawrence County, will know that any settler would be glad to take

a ward so recommended. Anybody who knew Betsy Myers as well as old Elkanah Ogden did, would know she would have taken any orphan brought to her door, even if he were not recommended at all.

So it happened, thanks to Lafayette and the city council, that I had not been a "Child of the Public" a day, before, in its great, clumsy, liberal way, it had provided for me. I owed my healthy, happy home of the next fourteen years in the wilderness to those marvellous habits, which I should else call absurd, with which we lionize strangers. Because our hospitals and poorhouses are the largest buildings we have, we entertain the Prince of Wales° and Jenny Lind° alike, by showing them crazy people and paupers. Easy enough to laugh at is the display, but if, dear Public, it happen, that by such a habit you ventilate your Bridewell° or your Bedlam,° is not the ventilation, perhaps, a compensation for the absurdity? I do not know if Lafayette was any the better for his seeing the Deering Street Asylum; but I do know I was.

This is no history of my life. It is only an il-

lustration of one of its principles. I have no anecdotes of wilderness life to tell, and no sketch of the lovely rugged traits of John and Betsy Myers, — my real father and mother. I have no quest for the pretended parents, who threw me away in my babyhood, to record. They closed accounts with me when they left me on the asylum steps, and I with them. I grew up with such schooling as the public gave, ten weeks in winter always, and ten in summer, till I was big enough to work on the farm, better periods of schools, I hold, than on the modern systems. Mr. Ogden I never saw. Regularly he allowed for me the hundred a year till I was nine years old, and then suddenly he died, as the reader perhaps knows. But John Myers kept me as his son, none the less. I knew no change until when I was fourteen, he thought it time for me to see the world, and sent me to what, in those days, was called a "Manual-Labor School."

There was a theory coming up in those days, wholly unfounded in physiology, that if a man worked five hours with his hands, he could study better in the next five. It is all nonsense. Ex-

haustion is exhaustion, and if you exhaust a vessel by one stopcock, nothing is gained or saved by closing that and opening another. The old up-country theory is the true one. Study ten weeks and chop wood sixteen; study ten more and harvest sixteen. But the "Manual-Labor School" offered itself for really no pay, only John Myers and I carried over, I remember, a dozen barrels of potatoes when I went there with my books. The school was kept at Roscius, and if I would work in the carpenter's shop and on the school farm five hours, why they would feed me and teach me all they knew in what I had of the day beside.

"Felix," said John, as he left me, "I do not suppose this is the best school in the world, unless you make it so. But I do suppose you can make it so. If you and I went whining about, looking for the best school in the world, and for somebody to pay your way through it, I should die, and you would lose your voice with whining, and we should not find one after all. This is what the Public happens to provide for you and me. We won't look a gift-horse in the mouth. Get on his back,

Felix; groom him well as you can when you stop, feed him when you can, and at all events, water him well and take care of him well. My last advice to you, Felix, is to take what is offered you and never complain, because nobody offers more."

Those words are to be cut on my seal-ring, if I ever have one, and if Dr. Anthon° or Professor Webster° will put them into short enough Latin for me. That is the motto of the "Children of the Public."

John Myers died before that term was out. And my more than mother, Betsy, went back to her friends in Maine. After the funeral I never saw them more. How I lived from that moment to what Fausta and I call the Crisis is nobody's concern. I worked in the shop at the school, or on the school farm. I taught school in neighboring districts. I never bought a ticket in a lottery or a raffle. But whenever there was a chance to do an honest stroke of work, I did it. I have walked fifteen miles at night to carry an election return to the *Tribune's* agent at Gouverneur. I have turned out in the snow to break open the road

when the supervisor could not find another man in the township.

When Sartain ° started his magazine, I wrote an essay in competition for his premiums, and the essay earned its hundred dollars. When the managers of the Orphan Home, in Baltimore, offered their prizes for papers on bad boys, I wrote for one of them, and that helped me on four hard months. There was no luck in those things. I needed the money, and I put my hook into the pork-barrel — that is, I trusted the Public. I never had but one stroke of luck in my life. I wanted a new pair of boots badly. I was going to walk to Albany, to work in the State library on the history of the Six Nations, which had an interest for me. I did not have a dollar. Just then there passed Congress the bill dividing the surplus revenue.° The State of New York received two or three millions, and divided it among the counties. The county of St. Lawrence divided it among the townships, and the township of Roscius divided it among the voters. Two dollars and sixty cents of Uncle Sam's money came to

me, and with that money on my feet I walked to Albany. That I call luck! How many fools had to assent in an absurdity before I could study the history of the Six Nations!

But one instance told in detail is better than a thousand told in general, for the illustration of a principle. So I will detain you no longer from the history of what Fausta and I call

THE CRISIS.

CHAPTER IV

THE CRISIS

I WAS at work as a veneerer in a pianoforte factory at Attica, when some tariff or other was passed or repealed; there came a great financial explosion,° and our boss, among the rest, failed. He owed us all six months' wages, and we were all very poor and very blue. Jonathan Whittemore — a real good fellow, who used to cover the hammers with leather — came to me the day the shop was closed, and told me he was going to take the chance to go to Europe. He was going to the Musical Conservatory at Leipsic, if he could. He would work his passage out as a stoker. He would wash himself for three or four days at Bremen, and then get work, if he could, with Voightlander ° or Von Hammer ° till he could enter the Conservatory. By way of preparation for this

he wanted me to sell him my Adler's German Dictionary.

"I've nothing to give you for it, Felix, but this foolish thing — it is one of Burrham's tickets — which I bought in a frolic the night of our sleigh-ride. I'll transfer it to you."

I told Jonathan he might have the dictionary and welcome. He was doing a sensible thing, and he would use it twenty times as much as I should. As for the ticket, he had better keep it. I did not want it. But I saw he would feel better if I took it — so he indorsed it to me.

Now the reader must know that this Burrham was a man who had got hold of one corner of the idea of what the Public could do for its children. He had found out that there were a thousand people who would be glad to make the tour of the mountains and the lakes every summer if they could do it for half-price. He found out that the railroad companies were glad enough to put the price down if they could be sure of the thousand people. He mediated between the two, and so "cheap excursions" came into being. They are

one of the gifts the Public gives its children. Rising from step to step, Burrham had just before the great financial crisis conceived the idea of a great cheap combination, in which everybody was to receive a magazine for a year and a cyclopædia, both at half-price ; and not only so, but the money that was gained in the combination was to be given by lot to two ticket-holders, one a man and one a woman, for their dowry in marriage. I dare say the reader remembers the prospectus. It savors too much of the modern "Gift Enterprise" to be reprinted in full ; but it had this honest element, that everybody got more than he could get for his money in retail. I have my magazine, the old Boston *Miscellany*,° to this day, and I just now looked out Levasseur's name in my cyclopædia ; and, as you will see, I have reason to know that all the other subscribers got theirs.

One of the tickets for these books, for which Whittemore had given five good dollars, was what he gave to me for my dictionary. And so we parted. I loitered at Attica, hoping for a place where I could put in my oar. But my hand was

out at teaching, and in a time when all the world's veneers of different kinds were ripping off, nobody wanted me to put on more of my kind — so that my cash ran low. I would not go in debt — that is a thing I never did. More honest, I say, to go to the poorhouse, and make the Public care for its child there, than to borrow what you cannot pay. But I did not come quite to that, as you shall see.

I was counting up my money one night — and it was easily done — when I observed that the date on this Burrham order was the 15th of October; and it occurred to me that it was not quite a fortnight before those books were to be delivered. They were to be delivered at Castle Garden,° at New York; and the thought struck me that I might go to New York, try my chance there for work, and at least see the city, which I had never seen, and get my cyclopædia and magazine. It was the least offer the Public ever made to me; but just then the Public was in a collapse, and the least was better than nothing. The plan of so long a journey was Quixotic° enough, and I

hesitated about it a good deal. Finally I came to this resolve : I would start in the morning to walk to the lock-station at Brockport on the canal.° If a boat passed that night where they would give me my fare for any work I could do for them, I would go to Albany. If not, I would walk back to Lockport the next day, and try my fortune there. This gave me, for my first day's enterprise, a foot journey of about twenty-five miles. It was out of the question, with my finances, for me to think of compassing the train.

Every point of life is a pivot on which turns the whole action of our after-lives, and so, indeed, of the after-lives of the whole world. But we are so purblind that we only see this of certain special enterprises and endeavors, which we therefore call critical. I am sure I see it of that twenty-five miles of fresh autumnal walking. I was in tiptop spirits. I found the air all oxygen, and everything "all right." I did not loiter, and I did not hurry. I swung along with the feeling that every nerve and muscle drew, as in the trades a sailor feels of every rope and sail. And so I was not

tired, not thirsty, till the brook appeared where I was to drink; nor hungry till twelve o'clock came, when I was to dine. I called myself as I walked "The Child of Good Fortune," because the sun was on my right quarter, as the sun should be when you walk, because the rain of yesterday had laid the dust for me, and the frost of yesterday had painted the hills for me, and the northwest wind cooled the air for me. I came to Wilkie's Cross-Roads just in time to meet the Claremont baker and buy my dinner loaf of him. And when my walk was nearly done I came out on the low bridge at Sewell's, which is a drawbridge, just before they raised it for a passing boat, instead of the moment after. Because I was all right I felt myself and called myself "The Child of Good Fortune." Dear reader, in a world made by a loving Father, we are all of us children of good fortune, if we only have wit enough to find it out, as we stroll along.

The last stroke of good fortune which that day had for me was the solution of my question whether or no I would go to Babylon. I was to

go if any good-natured boatman would take me. This is a question, Mr. Millionnaire, more doubtful to those who have not drawn their dividends than to those who have. As I came down the village street at Brockport, I could see the horses of a boat bound eastward, led along from level to level at the last lock ; and, in spite of my determination not to hurry, I put myself on the long loping trot which the St. Regis Indians° taught me, that I might overhaul this boat before she got under way at her new speed. I came out on the upper gate of the last lock just as she passed out from the lower gate. The horses were just put on, and a reckless boy gave them their first blow after two hours of rest and corn. As the heavy boat started off under the new motion, I saw, and her skipper saw at the same instant, that a long new tow-rope of his, which had lain coiled on deck, was suddenly flying out to its full length. The outer end of it had been carried upon the lock-side by some chance or blunder, and there some idle loafer had thrown the looped bight of it over a hawser-post. The loafers on the lock saw,

as I did, that the rope was running out, and at the call of the skipper, one of them condescended to throw the loop overboard, but he did it so carelessly that the lazy rope rolled over into the lock, and the loop caught on one of the valve-irons of the upper gate. The whole was the business of an instant, of course. But the poor skipper saw, what we did not, that the coil of the rope on deck was foul, and so entangled round his long tiller, that ten seconds would do one of three things — they would snap his new rope in two, which was a trifle, or they would wrench his tiller-head off the rudder, which would cost him an hour to mend, or they would upset those two horses, at this instant on a trot, and put into the canal the rowdy youngster who had started them. It was this complex certainty which gave fire to the double cries which he addressed aft to us on the lock, and forward to the magnet boy, whose indifferent intelligence at that moment drew him along.

I was stepping upon the gate-head to walk across it. It took but an instant, not nearly all the ten seconds, to swing down by my arms into the lock,

keeping myself hanging by my hands to catch with my right foot the bight of the rope and lift it off the treacherous iron, to kick the whole into the water, and then to scramble up the wet lock-side again. I got a little wet, but that was nothing. I ran down the tow-path, beckoned to the skipper, who sheered his boat up to the shore, and I jumped on board.

At that moment, reader, Faŭsta was sitting in a yellow chair on the deck of that musty old boat, crocheting from a pattern in *Godey's Lady's Book*.° I remember it as I remember my breakfast of this morning. Not that I fell in love with her; nor did I fall in love with my breakfast; but I knew she was there. And that was the first time I ever saw her. It is many years since, and I have seen her every day from that evening to this evening. But I had then no business with her. My affair was with him whom I have called the skipper, by way of adapting this fresh-water narrative to ears accustomed to Marryat° and Tom Cringle. I told him that I had to go to New York; that I had not time to walk, and had not

money to pay; that I should like to work my passage to Troy, if there were any way in which I could; and to ask him this I had come on board.

"Waal," said the skipper, "'taint much that is to be done, and Zekiel and I calc'late to do most of that; and there's that blamed boy beside —"

This adjective "blamed" is the virtuous oath by which simple people, who are improving their habits, cure themselves of a stronger epithet, as men take to flagroot who are abandoning tobacco.

"He ain't good for nothin', as you see," continued the skipper, meditatively, "and you air, anybody can see that," he added. "Ef you've mind to come to Albany, you can have your vittles, poor enough they are, too; and ef you are willing to ride sometimes, you can ride. I guess where there's room for three in the bunks there's room for four. 'Taint everybody would have cast off that blamed hawser-rope as neat as you did."

From which last remark I inferred, what I learned as a certainty as we travelled farther, that but for the timely assistance I had rendered him, I should have plead for my passage in vain.

This was my introduction to Fausta. That is to say, she heard the whole of the conversation. The formal introduction, which is omitted in no circle of American life to which I have ever been admitted, took place at tea half an hour after, when Mrs. Grills, who always voyaged with her husband, brought in the flapjacks from the kitchen. "Miss Jones," said Grills, as I came in to the meal, leaving Zekiel at the tiller, — "Miss Jones, this is a young man who is going to Albany. I don't rightly know how to call your name, sir." I said my name was Carter. Then he said, "Mr. Carter, this is Miss Jones. Mrs. Grills, Mr. Carter. Mr. Carter, Mrs. Grills. She is my wife." And so our *partie carrée*° was established for the voyage.

In these days there are few people who know that a journey on a canal is the pleasantest journey in the world. A canal has to go through fine scenery. It cannot exist unless it follow through the valley of a stream. The movement is so easy that, with your eyes shut, you do not know you move. The route is so direct, that when you

are once shielded from the sun, you are safe for hours. You draw, you read, you write, or you sew, crochet, or knit. You play on your flute or your guitar, without one hint of inconvenience. At a "low bridge" you duck your head lest you lose your hat — and that reminder teaches you that you are human. You are glad to know this, and you laugh at the memento. For the rest of the time you journey, if you are "all right" within, in elysium.

I rode one of those horses perhaps two or three hours a day. At locks I made myself generally useful. At night I walked the deck till one o'clock with my pipe or without it, to keep guard against the lock-thieves. The skipper asked me sometimes, after he found I could "cipher," to disentangle some of the knots in his bills of lading for him. But all this made but a little inroad in those lovely autumn days, and for the eight days that we glided along — there is one blessed level which is seventy miles long — I spent most of my time with Fausta. We walked together on the tow-path to get our appetites for

dinner and for supper. At sunrise I always made a cruise inland, and collected the gentians and black alder-berries and colored leaves with which she dressed Mrs. Grill's table. She took an interest in my wretched sketch-book, and though she did not and does not draw well, she did show me how to spread an even tint, which I never knew before. I was working up my French. She knew about as much and as little as I did, and we read Mme. Reybaud's ° Clementine together, guessing at the hard words, for we had no dictionary.

Dear old Grill offered to talk French at table, and we tried it for a few days. But it proved he picked up his pronunciation at St. Catherine's,° among the boatmen there, and he would say *shwo* for "horses," where the book said *chevaux*. Our talk, on the other hand, was not Parisian — but it was not Catherinian — and we subsided into English again.

So sped along these blessed eight days. I told Fausta thus much of my story, that I was going to seek my fortune in New York. She, of course,

knew nothing of me but what she saw, and she told me nothing of her story.

But I was very sorry when we came into the basin at Troy, for I knew then that in all reason I must take the steamboat down. And I was very glad — I have seldom in my life been so glad — when I found that she also was going to New York immediately. She accepted, very pleasantly, my offer to carry her trunk to the *Isaac Newton* for her, and to act as her escort to the city. For me, my trunk,

> "in danger tried,"
> Swung in my hand, — "nor left my side."

My earthly possessions were few anywhere. I had left at Attica most of what they were. Through the voyage I had been man enough to keep on a working-gear fit for a workman's duty. And old Grills had not yet grace enough to keep his boat still on Sunday. How one remembers little things! I can remember each touch of the toilet, as, in that corner of a dark cuddy where I had shared "Zekiel's" bunk with him, I dressed

myself with one of my two white shirts, and with the change of raiment which had been tight squeezed in my portmanteau. The old overcoat was the best part of it, as in a finite world it often is. I sold my felt hat to Zekiel, and appeared with a light travelling-cap. I do not know how Fausta liked my metamorphosis. I only know that, like butterflies, for a day or two after they go through theirs, I felt decidedly cold.

As Carter, the canal man, I had carried Fausta's trunk on board. As Mr. Carter, I gave her my arm, led her to the gangway of the *Newton*, took her passage and mine, and afterwards walked and sat through the splendid moonlight of the first four hours down the river.

Miss Jones determined that evening to breakfast on the boat. Be it observed that I did not then know her by any other name. She was to go to an aunt's house, and she knew that if she left the boat on its early arrival in New York, she would disturb that lady by a premature ringing at her bell. I had no reason for haste, as the reader knows. The distribution of the cyclopæ-

dias was not to take place till the next day, and that absurd trifle was the only distinct excuse I had to myself for being in New York at all. I asked Miss Jones, therefore, if I might not be her escort still to her aunt's house. I had said it would be hard to break off our pleasant journey before I had seen where she lived, and I thought she seemed relieved to know that she should not be wholly a stranger on her arrival. It was clear enough that her aunt would send no one to meet her.

These preliminaries adjusted, we parted to our respective cabins. And when, the next morning, at that unearthly hour demanded by Philadelphia trains and other exigencies, the *Newton* made her dock, I rejoiced that breakfast was not till seven o'clock, that I had two hours more of the berth, which was luxury compared to Zekiel's bunk — I turned upon my other side and slept on.

Sorry enough for that morning nap was I for the next thirty-six hours. For when I went on deck, and sent in the stewardess to tell Miss Jones that I was waiting for her, and then took from her the check for her trunk, I woke to the misery of

finding that, in that treacherous two hours, some pirate from the pier had stepped on board, had seized the waiting trunk, left almost alone, while the baggage-master's back was turned and that, to a certainty, it was lost. I did not return to Fausta with this story till the breakfast-bell had long passed and the breakfast was very cold. I did not then tell it to her till I had seen her eat her breakfast with an appetite much better than mine. I had already offered upstairs the largest reward to anybody who would bring it back which my scanty purse would pay. I had spoken to the clerk, who had sent for a policeman. I could do nothing more, and I did not choose to ruin her chop and coffee by ill-timed news. The officer came before breakfast was over, and called me from table.

On the whole, his business-like way encouraged one. He had some clews which I had not thought possible. It was not unlikely that they should pounce on the trunk before it was broken open. I gave him a written description of its marks; and when he civilly asked if "my lady" would give

some description of any books or other articles within, I readily promised that I would call with such a description at the police station. Somewhat encouraged, I returned to Miss Jones, and, when I led her from the breakfast-table, told her of her misfortune. I took all shame to myself for my own carelessness, to which I attributed the loss. But I told her all that the officer had said to me, and that I hoped to bring her the trunk at her aunt's before the day was over.

Fausta took my news, however, with a start which frightened me. All her money, but a shilling or two, was in the trunk. To place money in trunks is a weakness of the female mind, which I have nowhere seen accounted for. Worse than this, though — as appeared after a moment's examination of her travelling *sac* — her portfolio in the trunk contained the letter of the aunt whom she came to visit, giving her her address in the city. To this address she had no other clew but that her aunt was Mrs. Mary Mason, had married a few years before a merchant named Mason, whom Miss Jones had never seen, and of whose name

and business this was all she knew. They lived in a numbered street, but whether it was Fourth Street, or Fifty-fourth, or One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, or whether it was something between, the poor child had no idea. She had put up the letter carefully, but had never thought of the importance of the address. Besides this aunt, she knew no human being in New York.

"Child of the Public," I said to myself, "what do you do now?" I had appealed to my great patron in sending for the officer, and on the whole I felt that my sovereign had been gracious to me, if not yet hopeful. But now I must rub my lamp again, and ask the genie° where the unknown Mason lived. The genie of course suggested the Directory, and I ran for it to the clerk's office. But as we were toiling down the pages of "Masons," and had written off thirteen or fourteen who lived in numbered streets, Fausta started, looked back at the preface and its date, flung down her pencil in the only abandonment of dismay in which I ever saw her, and cried, "First of May! They were abroad until May. They have

been abroad since the day they were married!" So that genie had to put his glories into his pocket, and carry his Directory back to the office again.

The natural thing to propose was, that I should find for Miss Jones a respectable boarding-house, and that she should remain there until her trunk was found, or till she could write to friends who had this fatal address, and receive an answer. But here she hesitated. She hardly liked to explain why, — did not explain wholly. But she did not say that she had no friends who knew this address. She had but few relations in the world, and her aunt had communicated with her alone since she came from Europe. As for the boarding-house, "I had rather look for work," she said bravely. "I have never promised to pay money when I did not know how to obtain it; and that" — and here she took out fifty or sixty cents from her purse; "and that is all now. In respectable boarding-houses, when people come without luggage, they are apt to ask for an advance. Or, at least," she added, with some pride, "I am apt to offer it."

I hastened to ask her to take all my little store; but I had to own that I had not two dollars. I was sure, however, that my overcoat and the dress-suit I wore would avail me something if I thrust them boldly up some spout. I was sure that I should be at work within a day or two. At all events I was certain of the cyclopædia the next day. That should go to old Gowan's°—in Fulton Street it was then—"the moral centre of the intellectual world," in the hour I got it. And at this moment, for the first time, the thought crossed me, "If mine could only be the name drawn, so that that foolish $5000 should fall to me." In that case I felt that Fausta might live in "a respectable boarding-house" till she died. Of this, of course, I said nothing, only that she was welcome to my poor dollar and a half, and that I should receive the next day some more money that was due me.

"You forget, Mr. Carter," replied Fausta, as proudly as before; "you forget that I cannot borrow of you any more than of a boarding-house-keeper. I never borrow. Please God, I never

will. It must be," she added, "that in a Christian city like this there is some respectable and fit arrangement made for travellers who find themselves where I am. What that provision is I do not know; but I will find out what it is before this sun goes down."

I paused a moment before I replied. If I had been fascinated by this lovely girl before, I now bowed in respect before her dignity and resolution; and, with my sympathy, there was a delicious throb of self-respect united, when I heard her lay down so simply, as principles of her life, two principles on which I had always myself tried to live. The half-expressed habits of my boyhood and youth were now uttered for me as axioms by lips which I knew could speak nothing but right and truth.

I paused a moment. I stumbled a little as I expressed my regret that she would not let me help her — joined with my certainty that she was in the right in refusing — and then, in the only stiff speech I ever made to her, I said:

"I am the 'Child of the Public.' If you will

e'en hear my story, you will say so, too. At the least, I can claim this — that I have a right to help you in your quest as to the way in which the Public will help you. Thus far I am clearly the officer in his suite to whom he has intrusted you. Are you ready, then, to go on shore?"

Fausta looked around on that forlorn ladies' saloon, as if it were the last link holding her to her old safe world;

> "Looked upon skylight, lamp, and chain,
> As what she ne'er might see again."

Then she looked right through me; and if there had been one mean thought in me at that minute, she would have seen the viper. Then she said, sadly,

"I have perfect confidence in you, though people would say we were strangers. Let us go."

And we left the boat together. We declined the invitations of the noisy hackmen, and walked slowly to Broadway.

We stopped at the station-house for that district, and to the attentive chief Fausta herself

described those contents of her trunk which she thought would be most easily detected, if offered for sale. Her mother's Bible, at which the chief shook his head; Bibles, alas! brought nothing at the shops; a soldier's medal, such as were given as target prizes by the Montgomery regiment; and a little silver canteen, marked with the device of the same regiment, seemed to him better worthy of note. Her portfolio was wrought with a cipher, and she explained to him that she was most eager that this should be recovered. The pocket-book contained more than one hundred dollars, which she described, but he shook his head here, and gave her but little hope of that if the trunk was once opened. His chief hope was for this morning.

"And where shall we send to you then, madam?" said he.

I had been proud, as if it were my merit, of the impression Fausta had made upon the officer, in her quiet, simple, ladylike dress and manner. For myself, I thought that one slip of pretence in my dress or bearing, a scrap of gold or of

pinchbeck, would have ruined both of us in an appeal. But, fortunately, I did not disgrace her, and the man looked at her as if he expected her to say "Fourteenth Street." What would she say?

"That depends upon what the time will be. Mr. Carter will call at noon, and will let you know."

We bowed, and were gone. In an instant more she begged my pardon, almost with tears, but I told her that if she also had been a "Child of the Public," she could not more fitly have spoken to one of her father's officers. I begged her to use me as her protector, and not to apologize again. Then we laid out the plans which we followed out that day.

The officer's manner had reassured her, and I succeeded in persuading her that it was certain we should have the trunk at noon. How much better to wait, at least so far, before she entered on any of the enterprises of which she talked so coolly, as of offering herself as a nursery-girl, or as a milliner, to whoever would employ her, if

only she could thus secure an honest home till money or till aunt were found. Once persuaded that we were safe from this Quixotism, I told her that we must go on, as we did on the canal, and first, we must take our constitutional walk for two hours.

"At least," she said, "our good papa, the Public, gives us wonderful sights to see, and good walking to our feet, as a better Father has given us this heavenly sky and this bracing air."

And with those words the last heaviness of despondency left her face for that day. And we plunged into the delicious adventure of exploring a new city, staring into windows as only strangers can, revelling in print-shops as only they do, really seeing the fine buildings as residents always forget to do, and laying up, in short, with those streets, nearly all the associations which, to this day, we have with them.

Two hours of this tired us with walking, of course. I do not know what she meant to do next; but at ten I said, "Time for French, Miss Jones." "*Ah oui*," said she, "*mais où?*" and I

had calculated my distances, and led her at once into Lafayette Place; and, in a moment, pushed open the door of the Astor Library, led her up the main stairway, and said, "This is what the Public provides for his children when they have to study."

"This is the Astor," said she, delighted. "And we are all right, as you say, here?" Then she saw that our entrance excited no surprise among the few readers, men and women, who were beginning to assemble.

We took our seats at an unoccupied table, and began to revel in the luxuries for which we had only to ask that we might enjoy. I had a little memorandum of books which I had been waiting to see. She needed none; but looked for one and another, and yet another, and between us we kept the attendant well in motion. A pleasant thing to me to be finding out her thoroughbred tastes and lines of work, and I was happy enough to interest her in some of my pet readings; and, of course, for she was a woman, to get quick hints which had never dawned on me before. A very

short hour and a half we spent there before I went to the station-house again. I went very quickly. I returned to her very slowly.

The trunk was not found. But they were now quite sure they were on its track. They felt certain it had been carried from pier to pier and taken back up the river. Nor was it hopeless to follow it. The particular rascal, who was supposed to have it, would certainly stop either at Piermont or at Newburg. They had telegraphed to both places, and were in time for both. "The day boat, sir, will bring your lady's trunk, and will bring me Rowdy Rob, too, I hope," said the officer. But at the same moment, as he rang his bell, he learned that no despatch had yet been received from either of the places named. I did not feel so certain as he did.

But Fausta showed no discomfort as I told my news. "Thus far," said she, "the public serves me well. I will borrow no trouble by want of faith." And I — as Dante ° would say — and I, to her, "Will you let me remind you, then, that at one we dine; that Mrs. Grills is now placing the

salt pork upon the cabin table, and Mr. Grills asking the blessing; and, as this is the only day when I can have the honor of your company, will you let me show you how a Child of the Public dines, when his finances are low?"

Fausta laughed, and said again, less tragically than before, "I have perfect confidence in you," little thinking how she started my blood with the words; but this time, as if in token, she let me take her hand upon my arm, as we walked down the street together.

If we had been snobs, or even if I had been one, I should have taken her to Taylor's° and have spent all the money I had on such a luncheon as neither of us had ever eaten before. Whatever else I am, I am not a snob of that sort. I show my colors. I led her into a little cross-street which I had noticed in our erratic morning pilgrimage. We stopped at a German baker's. I bade her sit down at the neat marble table, and I bought two rolls. She declined lager, which I offered her in fun. We took water instead and we had dined, and had paid two cents for our

meal and had had a very merry dinner, too, when the clock struck two.

"And now, Mr. Carter," said she, "I will steal no more of your day. You did not come to New York to escort lone damsels to the Astor Library or to dinner. Nor did I come only to see the lions or to read French alone. I insist on your going to your affairs, and leaving me to mine. If you will meet me at the Library half an hour before it closes, I will thank you; till then," with a tragedy shake of the hand and a merry laugh, "adieu!"

I knew very well that no harm could happen to her in two hours of an autumn afternoon. I was not sorry for her *congé*,° for it gave me an opportunity to follow my own plans. I stopped at one or two cabinet-makers', and talked with the "jours" about work, that I might tell her with truth that I had been in search of it, then I sedulously began calling upon every man I could reach named Mason. Oh, how often I went through one phase or another of this colloquy: —

"Is Mr. Mason in?"

"That's my name, sir."

"Can you give me the address of Mr. Mason who returned from Europe last May?"

"Know no such person, sir."

The reader can imagine how many forms this dialogue could be repeated in, before, as I wrought my way through a long line of dry-goods cases to a distant counting-room, I heard some one in it say, "No, madam, I know no such person as you describe"; and from the recess Fausta emerged and met me. Her plan for the afternoon had been the same with mine. We laughed as we detected each other; then I told her she had had quite enough of this, that it was time she should rest, and took her, *nolentem volentem*,° into the ladies' parlor of the St. Nicholas, and bade her wait there through the twilight, with my copy of *Clementine*, till I should return from the police-station. If the reader has ever waited in such a place for some one to come and attend to him, he will understand that nobody will be apt to molest him when he has not asked for attention.

Two hours I left Fausta in the rocking-chair,

which there the Public had provided for her. Then I returned, sadly enough. No tidings of Rowdy Rob, none of trunk, Bible, money, letter, medal, or anything. Still was my district sergeant hopeful, and, as always, respectful. But I was hopeless this time, and I knew that the next day Fausta would be plunging into the war with intelligence-houses and advertisements. For the night, I was determined that she should spend it in my ideal "respectable boarding-house." On my way down town, I stopped in at one or two shops to make inquiries, and satisfied myself where I would take her. Still I thought it wisest that we should go after tea; and another cross-street baker, and another pair of rolls, and another tap at the Croton° provided that repast for us. Then I told Fausta of the respectable boarding-house, and that she must go there. She did not say no. But she did say she would rather not spend the evening there. "There must be some place open for us," said she. "There! there is a church-bell! The church is always home. Let us come there."

So to evening meeting we went, startling the sexton by arriving an hour early. If there were any who wondered what was the use of that Wednesday-evening service, we did not. In a dark gallery pew we sat, she at one end, I at the other; and, if the whole truth be told, each of us fell asleep at once, and slept till the heavy organ tones taught us that the service had begun. A hundred or more people had straggled in then, and the preacher, good soul, he took for his text, "Doth not God care for the ravens?" I cannot describe the ineffable feeling of home that came over me in that dark pew of that old church. I had never been in so large a church before. I had never heard so heavy an organ before. Perhaps I had heard better preaching, but never any that came to my occasions more. But it was none of these things which moved me. It was the fact that we were just where we had a right to be. No impudent waiter could ask us why we were sitting there, nor any petulant policeman propose that we should push on. It was God's house, and, because his, it was his children's.

All this feeling of repose grew upon me, and, as it proved, upon Fausta also. For when the service was ended, and I ventured to ask her whether she also had this sense of home and rest, she assented so eagerly, that I proposed, though with hesitation, a notion which had crossed me, that I should leave her there.

"I cannot think," I said, "of any possible harm that could come to you before morning."

"Do you know, I had thought of that very same thing, but I did not dare tell you," she said.

Was not I glad that she had considered me her keeper! But I only said, "At the 'respectable boarding-house' you might be annoyed by questions."

"And no one will speak to me here. I know that from Goody Two-Shoes."

"I will be here," said I, "at sunrise in the morning." And so I bade her good-by, insisting on leaving in the pew my own great-coat. I knew she might need it before morning. I walked out as the sexton closed the door below on the last of

the downstairs worshippers. He passed along the aisles below, with his long poker which screwed down the gas. I saw at once that he had no intent of exploring the galleries. But I loitered outside till I saw him lock the doors and depart; and then, happy in the thought that Miss Jones was in the safest place in New York — as comfortable as she was the night before and much more comfortable than she had been any night upon the canal, I went in search of my own lodging.

"To the respectable boarding-house?"

Not a bit, reader. I had no shillings for respectable or disrespectable boarding-houses. I asked the first policeman where his district station was. I went into its office, and told the captain that I was green in the city; had got no work and no money. In truth, I had left my purse in Miss Jones's charge, and a five-cent piece, which I showed the chief, was all I had. He said no word but to bid me go up two flights and turn into the first bunk I found. I did so; and in five minutes was asleep in a better bed than I had slept in for nine days.

That was what the Public did for me that night. I, too, was safe!

I am making this story too long. But with that night and its anxieties the end has come. At sunrise I rose and made my easy toilet. I bought and ate my roll — varying the brand from yesterday's. I bought another, with a lump of butter, and an orange, for Fausta. I left my portmanteau at the station, while I rushed to the sexton's house, told his wife I had left my gloves in church the night before — as was the truth — and easily obtained from her the keys. In a moment I was in the vestibule — locked in — was in the gallery, and there found Fausta, just awake, as she declared, from a comfortable night, reading her morning lesson in the Bible, and sure, she said, that I should soon appear. Nor ghost, nor wraith, had visited her. I spread for her a brown paper table-cloth on the table in the vestibule. I laid out her breakfast for her, called her, and wondered at her toilet. How is it that women always make themselves appear as neat and finished as if there were no conflict, dust, or wrinkle in the world?

[Here Fausta adds, in this manuscript, a parenthesis, to say that she folded her undersleeves neatly, and her collar, before she slept, and put them between the cushions upon which she slept. In the morning they had been pressed — without a flat-iron.]

She finished her repast. I opened the church door for five minutes. She passed out, when she had enough examined the monuments, and at a respectable distance I followed her. We joined each other, and took our accustomed morning walk; but then she resolutely said, "Good-by" for the day. She would find work before night — work and a home. And I must do the same. Only when I pressed her to let me know of her success, she said she would meet me at the Astor Library just before it closed. No, she would not take my money. Enough, that for twenty-four hours she had been my guest. When she had found her aunt and told her the story, they should insist on repaying this hospitality. Hospitality, dear reader, which I had dispensed at the charge of six cents. Have you ever treated Miranda° for

a day and found the charge so low? When I urged other assistance she said resolutely, "No." In fact, she had already made an appointment at two, she said, and she must not waste the day.

I also had an appointment at two; for it was at that hour that Burrham was to distribute the cyclopædias at Castle Garden. The Emigrant Commission° had not yet seized it for their own. I spent the morning in asking vainly for Masons fresh from Europe, and for work in cabinet-shops. I found neither, and so wrought my way to the appointed place, where, instead of such wretched birds in the bush, I was to get one so contemptible in my hand.

Those who remember Jenny Lind's° first triumph night at Castle Garden have some idea of the crowd as it filled gallery and floor of that immense hall when I entered. I had given no thought to the machinery of this folly. I only know that my ticket bade me be there at two P.M. this day. But, as I drew near, the throng, the bands of policemen, the long queues of persons entering reminded me that here was an affair

of ten thousand persons, and also, that Mr. Burrham was not unwilling to make it as showy, perhaps as noisy, an affair as was respectable, by way of advertising future excursions and distributions. I was led to seat No. 3671 with a good deal of parade, and when I came there I found I was very much of a prisoner. I was late, or rather on the stroke of two. Immediately, almost, Mr. Burrham arose in the front and made a long speech about his liberality, and the public's liberality, and everybody's liberality in general, and the method of the distribution in particular. The mayor and four or five other well-known and respectable gentlemen were kind enough to be present, to guarantee the fairness of the arrangements. At the suggestion of the mayor and the police the doors would now be closed, that no persons might interrupt the ceremony till it was ended. And the distribution of the cyclopædias would at once go forward, in the order in which the lots were drawn — earliest numbers securing the earliest impressions; which, as Mr. Burrham almost regretted to say, were a little better than the latest.

After these had been distributed two figures would be drawn — one green and one red, to indicate the fortunate lady and gentleman who would receive respectively the profits which had arisen from this method of selling the cyclopædias, after the expenses of printing and distribution had been covered, and after the magazines had been ordered.

Great cheering followed this announcement from all but me. Here I had shut myself up in this humbug hall, for Heaven knew how long, on the most important day of my life. I would have given up, willingly, my cyclopædia and my chance at the "profits," for the certainty of seeing Fausta at five o'clock. If I did not see her then, what might befall her, and when might I see her again. An hour before this certainty was my own, now it was only mine by my liberating myself from this prison. Still I was encouraged by seeing that everything was conducted like clock-work. From literally a hundred stations they were distributing the books. We formed ourselves into queues as we pleased, drew our numbers and then presented ourselves at the bureau, ordered our

magazines, and took our cyclopædias. It would be done, at that rate, by half-past four. An omnibus might bring me to the Park, and a Bowery car do the rest in time. After a vain discussion for the right of exit with one or two of the attendants, I abandoned myself to this hope, and began studying my cyclopædia.

It was sufficiently amusing to see ten thousand people resign themselves to the same task, and affect to be unconcerned about the green and red figures which were to divide the "profits." I tried to make out who were as anxious to get out of that tawdry den as I was. Four o'clock struck, and the distribution was not done. I began to be very impatient. What if Fausta fell into trouble? I knew, or hoped I knew, that she would struggle to the Astor Library, as to her only place of rescue and refuge — her asylum. What if I failed her there? I who had pretended to be her protector! "Protector, indeed!" she would say, if she knew I was at a theatre witnessing the greatest folly of the age. And if I did not meet her to-day, when should I meet her? If

she found her aunt, how should I find her? If she did not find her — good God! that was worse — where might she not be before twelve hours were over? Then the fatal trunk! I had told the police agent he might send it to the St. Nicholas, because I had to give him some address. But Fausta did not know this, and the St. Nicholas people knew nothing of us. I grew more and more excited, and when at last my next neighbor told me that it was half-past four, I rose and insisted on leaving my seat. Two ushers with blue sashes almost held me down. They showed me the whole assembly sinking into quiet. In fact, at that moment, Mr. Burrham was begging every one to be seated. I would not be seated. I would go to the door. I would go out. "Go, if you please!" said the usher next it, contemptuously. And I looked, and there was no handle! Yet this was not a dream. It is the way they arrange the doors in halls where they choose to keep people in their places. I could have collared that grinning blue sash. I did tell him I would wring his precious neck for him, if he did not let me

out. I said I would sue him for false imprisonment; I would have a writ of *habeas corpus*.°

"*Habeas corpus* be d—d!" said the officer, with an irreverent disrespect to the palladium. "If you are not more civil, sir, I will call the police, of whom we have plenty. You say you want to go out; you are keeping everybody in."

And, in fact, at that moment the clear voice of the mayor was announcing that they would not go on until there was perfect quiet; and I felt that I was imprisoning all these people, not they me.

"Child of the Public," said my mourning genius, "are you better than other men?" So I sneaked back to seat No. 3671, amid the contemptuous and reproachful looks and sneers of my more respectable neighbors, who had sat where they were told to do. We must be through in a moment, and perhaps Fausta would be late also. If only the Astor would keep open after sunset! How often have I wished that since, and for less reasons!

Silence thus restored, Mr. A——, the mayor,

led forward his little daughter, blindfolded her, and bade her put her hand into a green box, from which she drew out a green ticket. He took it from her, and read, in his clear voice again, "No. 2973!" By this time we all knew where the "two thousands" sat. Then "nine hundreds" were not far from the front, so that it was not far that that frightened girl, dressed all in black, and heavily veiled, had to walk, who answered to this call. Mr. A—— met her, helped her up the stair upon the stage, took from her her ticket, and read, "Jerusha Stillingfleet, of Yellow Springs, who, at her death, as it seems, transferred this right to the bearer."

The disappointed nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine joined in a rapturous cheer, each man and woman, to show that he or she was not disappointed. The bearer spoke with Mr. Burrham, in answer to his questions, and, with a good deal of ostentation, he opened a check-book, filled a check and passed it to her, she signing a receipt as she took it, and transferring to him her ticket. So far, in dumb show, all was well. What was

more to my purpose, it was rapid, for we should have been done in five minutes more, but that some devil tempted some loafer in a gallery to cry, "Face ! face!" Miss Stillingfleet's legatee was still heavily veiled.

In one horrid minute that whole amphitheatre, which seemed to me then more cruel than the Coliseum° ever was, rang out with a cry of "Face, face!" I tried the counter-cry of "Shame! shame!" but I was in disgrace among my neighbors, and a counter-cry never takes as its prototype does, either. At first, on the stage, they affected not to hear or understand ; then there was a courtly whisper between Mr. Burrham and the lady, but Mr. A——, the mayor, and the respectable gentlemen, instantly interfered. It was evident that she would not unveil, and that they were prepared to indorse her refusal. In a moment more she courtesied to the assembly, the mayor gave her his arm and led her out through a side-door.

Oh, the yell that rose up then! The whole assembly stood up, and, as if they had lost some

vested right, hooted and shrieked, "Back! back! Face! face!" Mr. A—— returned, made as if he would speak, came forward to the very front, and got a moment's silence.

"It is not in the bond, gentlemen," said he. "The young lady is unwilling to unveil, and we must not compel her."

"Face! face!" was the only answer, and oranges from upstairs flew about his head and struck upon the table, an omen only fearful from what it prophesied. Then there was such a row for five minutes as I hope I may never see or hear again. People kept their places fortunately, under a vague impression that they should forfeit some magic rights if they left those numbered seats. But when, for a moment, a file of policemen appeared in the orchestra, a whole volley of cyclopædias fell like rain upon their chief, with a renewed cry of "Face! face!"

At this juncture, with a good deal of knowledge of popular feeling, Mr. A—— led forward his child again. Frightened to death the poor thing was, and crying; he tied his handkerchief round

her eyes hastily, and took her to the red box. For a minute the house was hushed. A cry of "Down! down!" and every one took his place as the child gave the red ticket to her father. He read it as before, "No. 3671!" I heard the words as if he did not speak them. All excited by the delay and the row, by the injustice to the stranger and the personal injustice of everybody to me, I did not know, for a dozen seconds, that every one was looking towards our side of the house, nor was it till my next neighbor with the watch said, "Go, you fool," that I was aware that 3671 was I! Even then, as I stepped down the passage and up the steps, my only feeling was, that I should get out of this horrid trap, and possibly find Miss Jones lingering near the Astor, not by any means that I was invited to take a check for $5000.

There was not much cheering. Women never mean to cheer, of course. The men had cheered the green ticket, but they were mad with the red one. I gave up my ticket, signed my receipt and took my check, shook hands with Mr. A—— and

Mr. Burrham, and turned to bow to the mob — for mob I must call it now. But the cheers died away. A few people tried to go out perhaps, but there was nothing now to retain any in their seats as before, and the generality rose, pressed down the passages, and howled, "Face! face!" I thought for a moment that I ought to say something, but they would not hear me, and, after a moment's pause, my passion to depart overwhelmed me. I muttered some apology to the gentlemen, and left the stage by the stage door.

I had forgotten that to Castle Garden there can be no back entrance. I came to door after door, which were all locked. It was growing dark. Evidently the sun was set, and I knew the library door would be shut at sunset. The passages were very obscure. All around me rang this horrid yell of the mob, in which all that I could discern was the cry, "Face, face!" At last, as I groped round, I came to a practicable door. I entered a room where the western sunset glare dazzled me. I was not alone. The veiled lady in black was there. But the instant she saw me she sprang

towards me, flung herself into my arms, and cried : —

"Felix, is it you? — you are indeed my protector!"

It was Miss Jones! It was Fausta! She was the legatee of Miss Stillingfleet. My first thought was, "Oh, if that beggarly usher had let me go! Will I ever, ever think I have better rights than the public again?"

I took her in my arms. I carried her to the sofa. I could hardly speak for excitement. Then I did say that I had been wild with terror; that I had feared I had lost her, and lost her forever; that to have lost that interview would have been worse to me than death; for unless she knew that I loved her better than man ever loved woman, I could not face a lonely night, and another lonely day.

"My dear, dear child," I said, "you may think me wild; but I must say this — it has been pent up too long."

"Say what you will," she said after a moment, in which still I held her in my arms. She was trembling so that she could not have sat upright

alone. "Say what you will, if only you do not tell me to spend another day alone."

And I kissed her, and I kissed her, and I kissed her, and I said, "Never, darling — God helping me — till I die."

How long we sat there I do not know. Neither of us spoke again. For one, I looked out on the sunset and the bay. We had but just time to rearrange ourselves in positions more independent when Mr. A—— came in, this time in alarm, to say: —

"Miss Jones, we must get you out of this place, or we must hide you somewhere. I believe, before God, they will storm this passage, and pull the house about our ears."

He said this, not conscious as he began that I was there. At that moment, however, I felt as if I could have met a million men. I started forward and passed him, saying, "Let me speak to them." I rushed upon the stage, fairly pushing back two or three bullies who were already upon it. I sprang upon the table, kicking down the red box as I did so, so that the red tickets fell on

the floor and on the people below. One stuck in an old man's spectacles in a way which made the people in the galleries laugh. A laugh is a great blessing at such a moment. Curiosity is another. Three loud words spoken like thunder do a good deal more. And after three words the house was hushed to hear me. I said: —

"Be fair to the girl. She has no father nor mother. She has no brother nor sister. She is alone in the world, with nobody to help her but the Public — and me!"

The audacity of the speech brought out a cheer, and we should have come off in triumph, when some rowdy — the original "face" man, I suppose — said,

"And who are you?"

If the laugh went against me now I was lost, of course. Fortunately I had no time to think. I said without thinking, —

"I am the Child of the Public, and her betrothed husband!"

O Heavens! what a yell of laughter, of hurrahings, of satisfaction with a *dénouement*, rang

through the house, and showed that all was well. Burrham caught the moment, and started his band, this time successfully — I believe with "See the Conquering Hero." The doors, of course, had been opened long before. Well-disposed people saw they need stay no longer; ill-disposed people dared not stay; the blue-coated men with buttons sauntered on the stage in groups, and I suppose the worst rowdies disappeared as they saw them. I had made my single speech, and for the moment I was a hero.

I believe the mayor would have liked to kiss me. Burrham almost did. They overwhelmed me with thanks and congratulations. All these I received as well as I could somehow I did not feel at all surprised — everything was as it should be. I scarcely thought of leaving the stage myself, till, to my surprise, the mayor asked me to go home with him to dinner.

Then I remembered that we were not to spend the rest of our lives in Castle Garden. I blundered out something about Miss Jones, that she had no escort except me, and pressed into her

room to find her. A group of gentlemen was around her. Her veil was back now. She was very pale, but very lovely. Have I said that she was beautiful as heaven? She was the queen of the room, modestly and pleasantly receiving their felicitations that the danger was over, and owning that she had been very much frightened. "Until," she said, "my friend, Mr. Carter, was fortunate enough to guess that I was here. How he did it," she said, turning to me, "is yet an utter mystery to me."

She did not know till then that it was I who had shared with her the profits of the cyclopædias.

As soon as we could excuse ourselves, I asked some one to order a carriage. I sent to the ticket-office for my valise, and we rode to the St. Nicholas. I fairly laughed as I gave the hackman at the hotel door, what would have been my last dollar and a half only two hours before. I entered Miss Jones's name and my own. The clerk looked, and said, inquiringly, —

"Is it Miss Jones's trunk which came this afternoon?"

I followed his finger to see the trunk on the marble floor. Rowdy Rob had deserted it, having seen, perhaps, a detective when he reached Piermont. The trunk had gone to Albany, had found no owner, and had returned by the day boat of that day.

Fausta I sent to her room, and sent her supper after her. One kiss and "Good-night" was all that I got from her then.

"In the morning," said she, "you shall explain."

It was not yet seven. I went to my own room and dressed, and tendered myself at the mayor's just before his gay party sat down to dine. I met, for the first time in my life, men whose books I had read, and whose speeches I had by heart, and women whom I have since known to honor; and, in the midst of this brilliant group, so excited had Mr. A—— been in telling the strange story of the day, I was, for the hour, the lion.

I led Mrs. A—— to the table, I made her laugh very heartily by telling her of the ushers' threats to me and mine to him, and of the dis-

grace into which I fell among the three thousand six hundreds. I had never been at any such party before. But I found it was only rather simpler and more quiet than most parties I had seen, that its good breeding was exactly that of dear Betsy Myers.

As the party broke up, Mrs. A—— said to me, —

"Mr. Carter, I am sure you are tired, with all this excitement. You say you are a stranger here. Let me send round for your trunk to the St. Nicholas, and you shall spend the night here. I know I can make you a better bed than they."

I thought as much myself, and assented. In half an hour more I was in bed in Mrs. A——'s "best room."

"I shall not sleep better," said I to myself, "than I did last night."

That was what the Public did for me that night. I was safe again!

CHAPTER LAST

FAUSTA'S STORY

FAUSTA slept late, poor child. I called for her before breakfast. I waited for her after. About ten she appeared, so radiant, so beautiful, and so kind! The trunk had revealed a dress I never saw before, and the sense of rest, and eternal security, and unbroken love had revealed a charm which was never there to see before. She was dressed for walking, and, as she met me, said, —

"Time for constitutional, Mr. Millionnaire."

So we walked again, quite up town, almost to the region of pig-pens and cabbage-gardens which is now the Central Park. And after just the first gush of my enthusiasm, Fausta said, very seriously: —

"I must teach you to be grave. You do not know whom you are asking to be your wife. Excepting Mrs. Mason, No. 27 Thirty-fourth Street,

sir, there is no one in the world who is of kin to me, and she does not care for me one straw, Felix," she said, almost sadly now. "You call yourself 'Child of the Public.' I started when you first said so, for that is just what I am.

"I am twenty-two years old. My father died before I was born. My mother, a poor woman, disliked by his relatives and avoided by them, went to live in Hoboken over there with me. How she lived, God knows, but it happened that of a strange death she died, I in her arms."

After a pause, the poor girl went on:

"There was a great military review, an encampment. She was tempted out to see it. Of a sudden by some mistake, a ramrod was fired from a careless soldier's gun, and it pierced her through her heart. I tell you, Felix, it pinned my baby frock into the wound, so that they could not part me from her till it was cut away.

"Of course every one was filled with horror. Nobody claimed poor me, the baby. But the battalion, the Montgomery Battalion, it was, which had, by mischance, killed my mother, adopted me

as their child. I was chosen 'Fille du Régiment.'° They paid an assessment annually, which the colonel expended for me. A kind old woman nursed me."

"She was your Betsy Myers," interrupted I.

"And when I was old enough I was sent into Connecticut, to the best of schools. This lasted till I was sixteen. Fortunately for me, perhaps, the Montgomery Battalion then dissolved. I was finding it hard to answer the colonel's annual letters. I had my living to earn, — it was best I should earn it. I declined a proposal to go out as a missionary. I had no call. I answered one of Miss Beecher's° appeals for Western teachers. Most of my life since has been a schoolma'am's. It has had ups and downs. But I have always been proud that the Public was my godfather; and, as you know," she said, "I have trusted the public well. I have never been lonely, wherever I went. I tried to make myself of use. Where I was of use I found society. The ministers have been kind to me. I always offered my services in the Sunday-schools and sewing-rooms. The

school committees have been kind to me. They are the Public's high chamberlains for poor girls. I have written for the journals. I won one of Sartain's hundred-dollar prizes" —

"And I another," interrupted I.

"When I was very poor, I won the first prize for an essay on bad boys."

"And I the second," answered I.

"I think I know one bad boy better than he knows himself," said she. But she went on. "I watched with this poor Miss Stillingfleet the night she died. This absurd 'distribution' had got hold of her, and she would not be satisfied till she had transferred that strange ticket, No. 2973, to me, writing the indorsement which you have heard. I had had a longing to visit New York and Hoboken again. This ticket seemed to me to beckon me. I had money enough to come, if I would come cheaply. I wrote to my father's business partner, and enclosed a note to his only sister. She is Mrs. Mason. She asked me, coldly enough, to her house. Old Mr. Grills always liked me — he offered me escort and passage as far as Troy or

Albany. I accepted his proposal, and you know the rest."

When I told Fausta my story, she declared I made it up as I went along. When she believed it — as she does believe it now — she agreed with me in declaring that it was not fit that two people thus joined should ever be parted. Nor have we been, ever!

She made a hurried visit at Mrs. Mason's. She prepared there for her wedding. On the 1st of November we went into that same church which was our first home in New York; and that dear old raven-man° made us

ONE!

NOTES

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

This famous story was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1863. It was of course occasioned by the Civil War, and was written to stimulate patriotism at a time of domestic conflict, when the Confederacy seemed to be gaining ground, and the Union was threatened with disloyalty within her own ranks. To confirm the faint-hearted, heal dissension, and inspire others with the same ardent patriotism that fired his own heart, Dr. Hale wrote *The Man Without a Country*. It is distinctly a story with a purpose — and this purpose it amply accomplished. It captivated the public, was copied everywhere, translated into many foreign languages, and eventually became one of the treasures of American literature.

The germ of the plot — the odd but striking idea of the prisoner who is forever changed from ship to ship and who never sees his native land — was suggested by the reading of Scott's *Life of Napoleon*. It occurred to the author that had Napoleon been so passed from one British ship to another, England would have been spared much contumely, and St. Helena would never have become a shrine for French worship. The idea grew, and was adapted to

local conditions. Dr. Hale spent time and care in working up his "local color" — reading the records of the navy department, studying the Burr treason, and so on. The story thus becomes replete with contemporary allusions, effective in giving verisimilitude and interest, but sometimes requiring careful annotation for the guidance of the reader. *The Man Without a Country* is discussed as a short-story in the general Introduction to this volume.

3: 1. The story is put into the mouth of a supposed officer of the United States navy, named Ingham — a purely imaginary person, though he is made very real. Of course, no one could tell the tale so well as a member of the service — indeed, no one else could know the story. The name Ingham figures in several of Dr. Hale's stories, though the personality varies. In *My Double*, for instance, Ingham is a New England clergyman.

3: 16. **Philip Nolan.** When "reading up" on the Burr trial, Dr. Hale found frequent mention of a certain "Nolan" who had gone to Texas — and disappeared. So he selected Nolan as an appropriate name for his hero, and, at a venture, called him Philip. The Philip Nolan of the story is, of course, a purely fictitious person. But it afterwards appeared that the name of the real Nolan, who went to Texas, was also *Philip!* This actual historical personage, who seems to have been a brave and worthy man, figures in other of Dr. Hale's books, such as *Philip Nolan's Friends*.

3: 5. **Corvette.** A wooden ship of war, frigate-rigged, flush-decked, and having only one tier of guns.

4: 18. **Esprit de corps** (French). Literally, *spirit of the organization;* more generally, *the spirit pervading the service* (or profession, etc.).

5: 3. **Ross.** Robert Ross (1766–1814), British general. Troops under his command sacked and burned the city of Washington in 1814.

5: 4. **Tuckers.** At least two distinguished officers of this name have served in the American navy — Commodore Samuel Tucker (1747–1833), and Captain John Randolph Tucker (1812–1883).

5: 5. **Watsons.** This reference cannot well be to Admiral John Crittenden Watson, who was not born until 1842; and the name does not seem to have been borne by any other distinguished naval officer.

5: 8. **Crowninshields.** Benjamin W. Crowninshield (1772–1851) was Secretary of the Navy from 1814 to 1818, but was not himself a naval officer. Arrant S. Crowninshield, b. 1843, was a commander in the navy.

5: 12. **Non mi recordo** (Italian). *I do not remember.*

6: 1. **Aaron Burr.** Burr was born in 1756 and died in 1836. He served with distinction in the American Revolution; became United States senator from New York, and was Vice-president of the United States from 1801 to 1805. In 1804 he killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel, and this brought him into general odium all over the country. His treachery to the United States seems to date from this time. In 1805 he formed a plan for conquering Texas, perhaps Mexico, and creating a republic with himself as president, with a capital at New Orleans. With the aid of Blennerhasset, he

bought a vast tract of land on the Washita River, which was to serve as the starting-point of the expedition. But, through the treachery of various men on whom Burr depended for aid, the plan miscarried, and the conspirator was arrested in Mississippi Territory on Jan. 14, 1807. He was indicted for treason in Richmond, in May of the same year, but, after one of the most famous trials in history, was finally acquitted in September. His acquittal, however, resulted largely from lack of technical proof of his guilt. There was not then, nor has there ever been, a doubt of Burr's essential disloyalty. Burr's life after his trial was one of absolute failure and disappointment and disgrace. His projected treason has formed the theme of a great number of stories and novels, and forms one of the most dramatic events in American history.

6: 2. **Fort Massac.** No longer in existence. It was situated in the territory of Louisiana, north of New Orleans.

6: 17. **Monongahela; Sledge; High-low-jack.** "Monongahela" is a kind of whiskey. "Sledge" and "High-low-jack" are games at cards.

7: 16. **Jefferson and the House of Virginia.** The phraseology is, of course, adapted from Shakespeare and from English history — the "House of Lancaster" and the "House of York." President Jefferson was a Virginian, and the partisans he gathered around him constitute the "House of Virginia." At this time political feeling ran very high; a difference in political convictions often meant violent personal enmity.

7: 18. **Clarences of the then House of York.** The " House of York " is the Federalist party. Since Hamilton, its leader, was a *New Yorker*, a play of words is perhaps intended. Burr was of this party, and for Burr and all his adherents, Jefferson and his partisans entertained the most violent antipathy. The " Clarences " are all those rivals and heirs to the crown who are to be put out of the way, as Shakespeare's Richard III disposed of *his* Clarence. Our author intimates that in the Burr trial Jefferson found a chance to even up old scores.

8: 1. **Fort Adams.** This fort is on the Mississippi River, in the extreme southwestern part of Mississippi.

9: 4. **Spanish plot; Orleans plot.** Plots, or supposed plots, of the time, for the territorial interests of Spain against those of the United States. Nolan was accustomed to plots against the government; at this time he felt no especial attachment to the United States, and so was not shocked by Burr's proposals.

12: 8. **The first Crowninshield.** See note to page 5, line 8.

12: 18. **Tingey or Shaw.** John Shaw (1773–1823), Thomas Tingey (1750–1829), captains in the United States navy.

17: 21. **Hesiod.** A Greek poet, who lived about 735 B.C., and whose chief work is a didactic poem called *The Works and Days*.

17: 22. **Canning.** George Canning (1770–1827), the famous English statesman and orator. In 1827 he became prime minister.

18: 2. **Packet.** A packet-boat; that is, a vessel starting from its port on regular days or at an appointed time. At this period, the packet was a very swift sailing-vessel, carrying mails.

18: 18. **Lay of the Last Minstrel.** — The famous narrative poem by Sir Walter Scott.

19: 1. **The Tempest.** Shakespeare's play. The reference is to the line on the Bermudas, Act I, scene 2, line 229.

21: 20. **Fléchier.** Esprit Fléchier (1632–1710), a noted French pulpit orator, made bishop of Nîmes in 1687.

22: 1. **Windward Islands.** The chain of West India islands which extends from Porto Rico to Trinidad; also called "The Lesser Antilles."

23: 23. **Lady Hamilton.** The wife of Sir William Hamilton, ambassador at Naples. In her youth she was a famous beauty.

24: 6. **Contretemps** (French). *Accident, mischance.*

24: 10. **Contra-dances.** "Square" dances; country-dances, in which partners stand opposite to each other.

26: 21. **Iron Mask.** "The Man with the Iron Mask" was a French state prisoner in the reign of Louis XIV. He was confined in the Bastile and in other prisons, and always wore a mask of iron covered with black velvet. He died in 1703. Though his identity has occasioned endless speculation, it has remained one of the great mysteries of history.

26: 23. **Junius.** This was the name assumed by the author of a series of letters which appeared in the London *Public Advertiser*, from 1769 to a period about three years

later. The letters, which were on political subjects and in opposition to the government, occasioned a tremendous stir at the time and were long considered great literature. Up to this day, no one knows positively who wrote the letters, though it is pretty generally admitted that the author was Sir Philip Francis, an English politician of that time. Macaulay discusses the matter fully and entertainingly in his essay on Warren Hastings.

27 : 9. **Great frigate-duels.** Such as those between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, the *United States* and the *Macedonia*, the *Constitution* and the *Java*, and the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* — all in the second war with England, 1812–1814.

28 : 22. **The Englishman's sword.** When a commander surrenders his ship to the enemy, he boards the victorious vessel, and delivers his sword to the conqueror.

30 : 1. **Porter.** David Porter (1780–1843), called " Essex " Porter, from the ship in which he accomplished his greatest exploits. The Nukahiwa Islands are in the south Pacific. In 1813, Porter sailed into the Bay of Nukahiwa to refit his ship, subdued some tribes of hostile natives who were fighting the more peaceable inhabitants of the island, and took possession in the name of the United States. Unfortunately, the island was not retained by this country, and passed to the French in 1842. Our author's foreign policy is based on sound common sense.

30 : 12. **Gamble.** An officer in the United States navy.

30 : 18. **Madison and the Virginians.** President Madison and his party (not *all* " Virginians ") did not believe

in foreign expansion. They were too busy at home. It was too much to expect that they should look several generations ahead and perceive the advisability of holding stations in distant seas, at a time when the weak, young republic was beset by foes without and within, and threatened at her own doors.

32: 17. **Lepidoptera; Steptopotera.** *Lepidoptera* are an order of insects, the chief representatives of which are butterflies and moths. There is not in Zoölogy any such order as *Steptopotera;* the nearest approach to it is *Strepsitera*, a minor order of beetles.

32: 20. **Linnæus** (1707–1778). The great Swedish naturalist and botanist, founder of a system of botany. — **John Foy.** One of Dr. Hale's bits of imaginary realism.

33: 13. **Slave Trade Treaty.** Passed by Congress in 1819, in coöperation with Great Britain. Spain and Portugal were the chief offenders in carrying on the Slave Trade. The horrors of the trade were unspeakable. United States ships were continually on the watch, and succeeded in suppressing much of the traffic. — **Reigning House.** It will be remembered that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, four of the first five Presidents of the United States, were Virginians.

33: 16. **Middle Passage.** The passage across the Atlantic from Africa to the West Indies. The term was extensively used at this time as part of the nomenclature of the Slave Trade.

35: 14. **Patois.** Not exactly a dialect, but a kind of subdialect, as it were — the speech only of the illiterate

portion of a certain region of country. — **Zulu click.** A "click" is a sound produced by applying the tongue to the teeth or to the roof of the mouth. The "click" is, however, far more characteristic of the Hottentot than of the Zulu language.

35: 15. **Beledeljereed.** A region in northern Africa, north of the Sahara and south of the Atlas Mountains.

36: 5. **Kroomen.** The Kroo are a tribe in Liberia, West Africa, far superior in both morals and physique to other African tribes.

36: 8. **Fernando Po.** An island in the Bight of Biafra, West Africa, discovered by the Portuguese, but, since 1778, owned by the Spaniards.

36: 20. **Deus ex machina.** Literally, the *god from the machine;* more justly, *the power that saves the situation, settles the difficulties, or rescues the person or persons who are in danger.* The term comes from the Greek drama.

36: 22. **Cape Palmas.** A cape on the coast of Liberia, about 1100 miles west of Fernando Po.

38: 2. **Barracoon.** A slave-pen; an enclosure containing sheds in which slaves were temporarily detained.

38: 14. **Mountains of the Moon.** The ancient name given to the group of lofty mountains in Southeast Africa.

38: 16. **Great White Desert.** The Sahara.

41: 2. **St. Thomas.** An island in the West Indies, east of Porto Rico, belonging to Denmark.

41: 17. **Ben trovato** (Italian). *Well found;* or, more loosely, *characteristic, appropriate.*

42: 12. **Bragg; Beauregard.** Two generals in the army of the United States who left the service to join the army of the Confederacy. Both served with honor and distinction, and doubtless both acted from the purest motives of loyalty to their native states.

42: 13. **Maury and Barron.** Two distinguished officers in the United States navy, who joined the Confederacy, and served with great distinction in the Confederate navy. These men also undoubtedly acted upon conviction of duty. There is no reason to suppose that any one of these four army or naval officers ever regretted his action, though it involved the sacrifice of all those "honors, associations, memories" that must have been very dear to each. Fifty years after the event, we can more justly estimate the feelings and motives that animated such men as Beauregard and Maury, though we continue to deplore, as they did, the necessity that made them technically traitors to their country. The dreadful prognostications of our author were happily never fulfilled, since these men lived to see a reunited country and themselves its loyal citizens. It is easy, however, to take the author's point of view; certainly, it was the only possible point of view for this particular story.

42: 22. **Boulogne.** A seaport of France, on the English channel; a favorite resort of exiles and adventurers.

42: 23. **Leicester Square.** A square in the West End of London; a popular resort of middle-class foreigners, especially of expatriates.

43: 12. **Lieutenant Truxton.** William Talbot Truxton

(1824–1887), afterwards Commodore Truxton of the United States navy. — **Texas.** Texas was admitted into the Union in 1845.

44: 3. **La Plata.** The great river in South America, flowing southeast into the Atlantic.

45: 4. **Austin.** The famous Texas pioneer, for whom the state capital is named. He died in 1836, before his life work for Texan independence was finished.

45: 6. **Tamaulipas.** A frontier state of Mexico, bordering on Texas.

45: 18. **Captain Back.** Admiral Sir George Back, R.N. (1796–1878), a famous Arctic navigator. He was also the author of two books, and of several articles for the Royal Geographical Society.

45: 19. **Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome.** Sir Thomas Roe (1581–1644) was the famous English ambassador and voyager, one of the most remarkable men of his time. His "Welcome" perhaps refers to his triumphant entry into London upon his return from Sweden and Poland, when a gold medal was struck in his honor.

51: 18. **Chesapeake.** In June, 1807, upon her refusal to recognize the "right of search," the United States frigate *Chesapeake* was fired upon by the British ship *Leopard*. The American ship, however, was overpowered, and Commodore James Barron, in command, was forced to surrender. For this act, Barron was tried on a charge of neglect of duty, found guilty, and suspended from the service without pay for five years.

52: 2. **Java.** The United States ship *Constitution* cap-

tured the British ship *Java* in December, 1812, off the coast of Brazil.

52: 8. **Fulton.** Robert Fulton (1765–1815), the inventor of the steamboat. He launched a successful steamboat on the Seine in 1803, but his great triumph was the *Clermont*, which made its first trip in 1807, on the Hudson.

52: 10. **Scott.** General Winfield Scott, the hero of the Mexican war. — **Jackson.** Andrew Jackson, general, and President of the United States.

52: 11. **Mississippi; New Orleans; Texas; Kentucky.** Mississippi had been admitted to the Union in 1817; Louisiana had been admitted in 1812. New Orleans experienced a marvellous growth soon after the admission of these two states. Texas had become independent of Mexico in 1836, and a state in 1845. Kentucky had grown prodigiously in population and wealth, and had produced Henry Clay.

53: 12. **General Benjamin Lincoln** (1733–1810). A soldier in the Revolution, and United States Secretary of War from 1781 to 1784.

53: 23. **Harding.** Benjamin F. Harding (1823–1899) was United States senator from Oregon from 1862 to 1865.

54: 1. **Smithsonian.** The Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, was established in 1846. It is a government institution for scientific research, and has sent out a number of " exploring expeditions " into various parts of the world. Some of these have resulted in scientific discoveries of the highest importance.

54: 2. **The Capitol.** The Capitol building at Washington has since been greatly enlarged.

54: 3. **Crawford's Liberty.** Thomas Crawford (1814–1857), the American sculptor, was commissioned to design a bronze figure of "Liberty" which now surmounts the dome of the Capitol.

54: 4. **Greenough's Washington.** Horatio Greenough (1805–1852), whose colossal statue of Washington, completed in 1843, now stands in front of the Capitol.

54: 8. **Rebellion.** The Civil War, which had broken out in 1861, and which meant the possible disruption of the Union that Nolan had come to hold so dear. This touch is superb.

55: 19. **Order of the Cincinnati.** The Society of the Cincinnati, for membership in which only officers of the Continental army were eligible, was founded in 1783. The name, of course, is derived from that of Cincinnatus, the Roman dictator, who gave up his power in order to resume those rural pursuits he loved. Nolan's father could possess the badge only as a patriot who had fought for his country.

MY DOUBLE, AND HOW HE UNDID ME

This story was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1859. Like most of the author's stories, it was written with a purpose — to show the number and variety of the duties that fall to the lot of the clergyman in a small New England town. The story, however, does not

preach, but veils its moral with gentle satire and delightful humor. Here the use of "local color" of every kind is unusually effective. Through it the story gains the very atmosphere of New England, and, in spite of improbable incidents and absurd situations, impresses the reader with an essential reality and truth.

59: 2. **Atlantic Monthly.** Founded in 1857; one of the most famous of American periodicals, to which many of the most celebrated American authors have contributed.

59: 12. **Rasselas.** The hero of Dr. Johnson's famous allegorical novel. He was continually in search of happiness, but never found it.

60: 4. **Sandemanian.** A religious denomination, named for Robert Sandeman (1718–1771), a Scotchman. In Scotland members of the sect are called "Glassites." Their practices include community of goods, love-feasts, abstinence from blood, etc. The author chooses the name of an obscure sect, almost unknown in this country, in order to give verisimilitude to his story. If he had entirely invented a name, he would have sacrificed a certain amount of probability; yet he could not well use the name of any powerful and well-established denomination.

60: 5. **Naguadavick.** An imaginary place; but, of course, standing for the name of some city in Maine.

60: 16. **Haliburton.** An imaginary friend of Dr. Hale who figures in some of his other stories.

61: 13. **Mayflower.** A standard jest has been based on the claim put forth by so many worthy New Englanders that certain of their hereditary family goods came over in

the *Mayflower*. It has been remarked that the tiny *Mayflower* must have been at least as large as the *Lusitania* to have held a tithe of the articles credited to her.

61: 15. **Mt. Blanc.** The highest of the Alps, the ascent of which in those days was considered a prodigious achievement. An alpenstock is a stick or staff used in Alpine climbing.

61: 23. **Sepoys; Cataract of the Ganges.** The real Sepoys are the native troops of India in the service of the English. The term as here used of course refers merely to stage representations in a once famous spectacular play called *The Cataract of the Ganges*. "Supernumeraries" are persons employed merely to swell the numbers on the stage for spectacular effects, but who have no speaking parts.

62: 18. **Dr. Wigan.** An English physician who published, in 1843, *A New View of Insanity: the Duality of the Mind proved by the Structure, Functions, and Diseases of the Brain, and by the Phenomena of Mental Derangement, and Shown to be Essential to Moral Responsibility.*

62: 21. **Richard Greenough.** A distinguished American sculptor, born in 1819. His statue of Franklin stands in the City Hall Square of Boston. He is not to be confounded with Horatio Greenough.

63: 6. **Poor Richard.** The pen-name assumed by Benjamin Franklin in his *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which was replete with shrewd sayings and sensible advice. Franklin's nature was indeed many-sided; he was a statesman and philosopher of profound and wide grasp; and also a homely, practical, shrewd man of business.

63: 11. **Stafford Springs.** In eastern Connecticut. Monson is in Massachusetts, about ten miles north of Stafford Springs. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the verisimilitude and "local color" the author gains by the introduction of real places, the occasional mention of real men, actual events, real books, and so on. Nothing could be, for the purpose, happier or more effective than the use of such actual material.

64: 14. **Springfield.** A city in Massachusetts, twenty miles northwest of Stafford Springs.

66: 12. **Thalaba.** The hero of Southey's narrative poem, *Thalaba, the Destroyer*. Thalaba is befriended by supernatural beings, who further his undertakings.

66: 19. **The Dutchman and his Wife.** Two figures in a weather-indicator; the man comes out when it rains, the wife when it is clear. So they see little of each other.

67: 8. **New Coventry.** There is now, at least, no such place on the map. He is getting too near home for real names.

68: 17. **Ex officio.** By virtue of office.

69: 12. **Mlle. Celeste.** Madame (not Mlle.) Celeste was a noted French dancer and actress. She died in Paris in 1882.

69: 22. **Sanscrit.** The original language of India, now no longer spoken.

70: 15. **Plato.** The great Greek philosopher, who taught in the grove of Academus, near Athens. From the name of the grove, Plato's school of philosophers came to be called the "Academy" or the "Academic School."

The name has long been applied in America to public schools in small towns or in the rural districts.

74: 18. **Anselm.** Saint Anselm (1033–1109), a famous divine and the founder of scholastic theology. The author is indulging in a little bit of delicate satire on dry theological works; there is, one suspects, no trace of Sandemanianism in Anselm; but, it is to be inferred, one can find pretty much anything he looks for when theology is in question.

75: 14. **Pfeiffer.** Franz Pfeiffer (1815–1868), a German scholar, author of *German Mystics of the Fourteenth Century.*

75: 20. **Semiramis.** The mythical Assyrian queen, founder of Babylon.

78: 10. **Pundit.** In India, a teacher of the law; a master of the sacred mysteries. Hence a learned expert or teacher; sometimes used with gentle irony to suggest that the learning was not as profound as it seemed.

78: 15. **Diggory.** A loutish servant in Goldsmith's play *She Stoops to Conquer,* who remarks, "I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and than I'm as bauld as a lion."

78: 18. **Promptu.** Probably, a ready-made speech which he is seeking a chance to utter.

79: 11. **Ollendorff.** The German grammarian, author of various grammars, conversation-lexicons, etc., in many languages.

80: 21. **Sibilants; dentals.** Sibilants are alphabetic sounds pronounced with a hissing, as *s* and *z.* Dentals are sounds formed by the tongue against the upper teeth,

— *t, d, n.* The sibilants and dentals give distinctness to speech.

82 : 4. Halle. A city in Saxony, the seat of a university.

83 : 8. Augusta. The capital of Maine.

84 : 5. State of Maine. An imaginary newspaper with a characteristic name, since the people of Maine often refer to their commonwealth as the " State of Maine."

85 : 5. Dumas' novel. Alexandre Dumas (1803–1870), the famous French romancer, author of *The Three Musketeers* and *Monte Christo.* For the " iron mask," see note to p. **26 : 21.**

85 : 8. General Pierce. President Franklin Pierce, who served as general in the American army in the Mexican war. The reference is to the anti-slavery agitation in Kansas. The pro-slavery party made a raid upon the town of Lawrence, in 1856, and sacked it. President Pierce was supposed to be in sympathy with the rioters.

85 : 14. George Withers. Another of the delightful imaginary friends of Dr. Hale.

86 : 18. Bohemia. In 1848 a general revolutionary feeling swept all over Europe. It was especially strong in Germany and in the countries of the Austrian Empire, of which Bohemia was one. As a result, many Bohemian patriots were driven from home to America. Very probably, however, the author merely refers to exiles in general, Bohemians and any others.

88 : 1. Mathers and Nortons. The Mathers formed the most famous family of New England clergyman. Between 1635 and 1785, there were eight of them who attained

distinction in the church; but Increase (1639–1723) and Cotton (1663–1728) were by far the most celebrated. Between 1635 and 1852, three Nortons rose to eminence as clergyman. Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard, the author, art critic, and translator of Dante, was of this family.

90 : 7. Debating Clubs. At this time in New England a perfect mania for the organization of debating clubs, unions, societies, lyceums, and so on, swept over the country, and extended from New England into the more distant states. It was thought by some ardent souls that society in general was to be regenerated, the Millennium was to come, by just such means. On the whole, the movement resulted in much permanent good, though it fell far short of accomplishing what its promoters so ardently desired.

92 : 16. Ruy Lopez Opening. A famous "opening" or sequence of moves at the commencement of a game of chess.

94 : 14. Lockhard. A follower of Robert Bruce, the Scotch hero and king. When Bruce doubted whether he had slain the Red Comyn, Lockhard answered (according to Scott), "Do you leave such a matter to doubt? *I* will make sicker (more certain)!"

THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC

This story was first printed in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* for January 24 and January 31, 1863. The moral it illustrates is very plain. The plot of the story was

suggested by the absurd gift enterprises so popular in America in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Technical discussion of the story is given in the general Introduction to this volume.

102 : 12. **Attleborough jewelry.** Manufactured at Attleboro, Massachusetts, a town near Boston.

104 : 9. **Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.** This periodical was founded in 1855 by "Frank Leslie," the assumed name of Henry Carter. In its day it was a popular and influential paper and something quite new in American journalism.

107 : 6. **General Lafayette; Levasseur.** Lafayette visited the United States, for which he had so valiantly fought in the Revolution, in 1824, and received a great ovation. He was accompanied by Levasseur, a distinguished French political economist

108 : 13. **Ravissant** (French). *Captivating, charming.*

110 : 14. **The Prince of Wales.** The Prince, afterward Edward VII, king of England, visited the United States in 1860.

110 : 15. **Jenny Lind.** The famous Swedish soprano singer, who came to America in 1850. She first sang in New York, and in Castle Garden. See note to p. **119** : 16.

110 : 18. **Bridewell; Bedlam.** Bridewell was the name of a prison in London, the greater part of which was demolished in 1863. The name has become a generic term for a jail. Bedlam is an asylum for the insane in London, the name of which has come to stand for any such institution.

113 : 7. **Dr. Anthon.** Dr. Charles Anthon (1797–1867),

a famous scholar in the Classics, was professor of Greek in Columbia College.

113: 8. **Professor Webster.** Noah Webster (1758–1843), the philologist and compiler of the dictionary.

114: 3. **Sartain.** John Sartain, who published *Sartain's Magazine* from 1848 to 1852.

114: 18. **Surplus revenue.** In 1836 Congress passed a bill providing for the distribution of all money in the United States Treasury in excess of five million dollars on Jan. 1, 1837. The excess was to be distributed among the states in proportion to their electoral, and in four instalments. Only three instalments were paid when the panic of 1837 came. In the main, the states grossly misused the money.

116: 4. **A great financial explosion.** Probably the panic of 1847. The tariff of 1846 was in the direction of free trade, considerably reducing certain duties and entirely removing others.

116: 15. **Voightlander; Von Hammer.** Piano manufacturers in Germany.

118: 15. **Boston Miscellany.** A popular magazine of the day.

119: 16. **Castle Garden.** A large, circular building on the Battery, New York City. It was built in 1805 as a fort, and called Fort Clinton. Afterwards it was used as an opera-house and as a place for public gatherings of all kinds. From 1855 to 1891 it was the place of reception for foreign emigrants. It is now owned by the city and is used for an aquarium.

119: 23. **Quixotic.** Irrational, absurd — from Don Quixote, the hero of Cervantes's famous romance of that name.

120: 3. **Brockport.** A town on the Erie Canal, about 18 miles west of Rochester. — **Canal.** The Erie Canal, opened for traffic in 1825, which runs from Buffalo, on Lake Erie to Troy, on the Hudson River. It was once a great highway of commerce, and contributed largely to the growth of New York City. — **Lockport.** A city on the Erie Canal, 55 miles west of Rochester.

122: 9. **St. Regis Indians.** These Indians belong to the Iroquois division. Their reservation is on the St. Lawrence, partly in Canada, partly in New York.

124: 11. **Godey's Lady's Book.** A long-lived and once famous periodical to which Poe and many other celebrated American writers contributed.

124: 21. **Marryat.** Captain Frederick Marryat (1792–1848), of the British navy, was a famous writer of sea tales. His best-known book is *Mr. Midshipman Easy.* — **Tom Cringle.** *Tom Cringle's Log* is a novel of the sea by Michael Scott (1789–1835).

126: 15. **Partie carrée** (French). A party of four persons; literally, *square party.*

128: 10. **Mme. Reybaud.** A French novelist (1802–1871), author of *Clementine* and other works.

128: 15. **St. Catherine's.** A town in the province of Ontario, Canada, on the Welland Canal, 10 miles northwest of Niagara Falls.

134: 14. **Lamp; genie.** An allusion to the Arabian

Nights story of *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.* When Aladdin rubbed the lamp, the genie appeared to do his bidding.

136: 8. **Gowan's.** This was a famous second-hand bookstore on Nassau Street, New York City. It was in existence until 1870.

139: 6. **The Montgomery regiment.** Montgomery County is in New York State. The Erie Canal runs through it from west to east.

141: 23. **Ah, oui; mais ou?** (French). *Oh, yes; but where?*

143: 21. **Dante** (1265–1321). The greatest of Italian poets; author of *The Divine Comedy.*

144: 13. **Taylor's.** A fashionable restaurant in New York at this time.

145: 15. **Congé** (French). *Dismissal.*

146: 15. **Nolentem volentem** (Latin). *Willy-nilly, willing or unwilling.* — **St. Nicholas.** One of the finest hotels in the city at this time.

147: 16. **Croton.** The river which supplied, and still in part supplies, the city with water.

149: 18. **Goody Two-Shoes.** A story for children, supposed to have been written by Oliver Goldsmith.

152: 23. **Miranda.** The lovely heroine of Shakespeare's *Tempest.* Our hero's " Miranda " is, of course, Fausta.

153: 8. **Emigrant Commission.** See note to p. **119**: 16.

153: 15. **Jenny Lind.** See note to p **110**: 15.

158: 2. **Habeas corpus.** A writ by virtue of which a prisoner may demand a trial in order to prove that he is

unjustly imprisoned. It is intended to prevent false imprisonment, and is one of the most valued rights of the Anglo-Saxon race.

160: 8. **Coliseum.** A vast building in ancient Rome, the ruins of which are still standing. Here were gladiatorial shows, witnessed by the callous and brutal Roman populace.

173: 2. **Fille du Regiment.** A popular opera by Donizetti, the Italian composer. The heroine is adopted and cared for by a regiment of soldiers.

173: 14. **Miss Beecher.** Catherine Esther Beecher (1800–1878), an American educator and writer, daughter of Lyman Beecher and sister of Henry Ward Beecher.

175: 13. **Raven-man.** The minister, on their first visit to the church, had preached on the text, " Doth not God care for the ravens? "

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